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INDIA'S NIGHT

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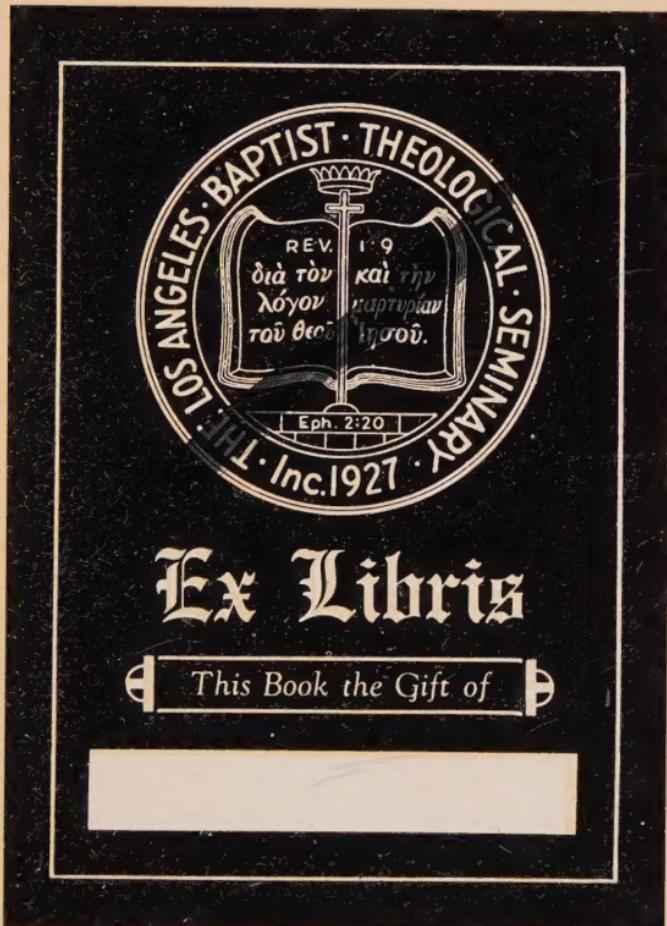
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JULIA R. GIBSON

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# A CRY FROM INDIA'S NIGHT

By

Julia R. Gibson

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Dedicated

TO

HER, WHO, BY REAL CONSECRATION AND WILLING SACRIFICE, MADE THESE EXPERIENCES POSSIBLE —

My Mother



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## INTRODUCTION

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The writer's only plea for the value of this book lies in its originality. A treatise on Hindu manners and customs has not been attempted; but the thought has been to bring you into living contact with the people through our own personal experiences, that you might see them through our eyes; hear them with our ears; feel for them through our heart's expression.

It was with great reluctance that we obeyed the Spirit's voice to write our call to God and to the work in India. It seemed something *too sacred* and *too distinctly our own* for public eye and ear. It appeared as if life would be lonely and bare without it peculiarly ours. But He who had given said,—

“Give! as the morning flows out of heaven;  
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;  
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;  
Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give,  
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,  
Not the faint sparks of thy heart ever glowing,  
Not a pale bud from the June rose's blowing;  
Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river  
Wasting its waters, forever and ever,  
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;  
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.  
Scatter thy life as the summer shower's pouring!  
What if no bird through the peart rain is soaring?  
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?  
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!”

Therefore, we send it forth in His name for His

sake, praying that God's breath, breathed upon the dead pages, may cause them to live; that God's voice, speaking through their utterances, may call the unsaved to pardon, the believer to purity and power in service through the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Praying that the cries of India's blighted childhood, enslaved wifehood, sorrowing widowhood and weakened manhood may call to you from the dense darkness of idolatry, "Come over and help us!"

JULIA ROBERTS GIBSON,

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

# A Cry From India's Night

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## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY IMPRESSIONS

Childhood's memories, sweet and fresh  
As breath of violets rare,  
Sparkling with dewdrops pure and white,  
Distilled in summer's air.

Memories around which cluster oft  
Halos of golden light,  
Seen through the mists of after years,  
Grown beauteous and bright.

Sweet memories of home and God,  
So closely link together  
The heart to heart, that naught, e'en death,  
Such memories can sever.

Then let them linger! Chide them not!  
Perchance they're angels' calls,  
Resounding through the soul's dark night,  
From o'er the City Walls.

In the beautiful little island of Bermuda, the "Land of the Lily and the Rose"—the island of perpetual sunshine, where frost is not known, and whose pearly shores are continually bathed in the blue waters of the boisterous Atlantic; where the warm, balmy breezes are fragrant with the breath of many roses,

sweet English violets, and pure, stainless Easter lilies, lives a little maiden, whose name you will learn later.

This little maiden, with her two older brothers, attends the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School. Regularly every Sabbath morning you will see these three, hand in hand, trudging along as fast as their feet will carry them, on their way to the church, while mother watches them with loving eyes from the latticed window beyond.

Solomon says, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." In other words, first impressions are usually the lasting impressions in a man or woman's life; and while, in many instances, they are not lived up to, nevertheless, their influence lingers and restrains, often proving to be the cord which vibrates so readily to the touch of some chance player in after life.

In the Sunday school which this little girl attends, the heathen are thought of lovingly and prayerfully; and regularly pledge-cards are given to the scholars, who are supposed to work earnestly to fill them; and, in return for their efforts, they receive books in which is written matter relative to the heathen countries to which the money is sent.

Following the example of her brothers, the little one eagerly takes one of these cards; and imagine her great joy when she returns it filled, and receives a pretty blue-covered book, nicely bound, with her name on the inside. Clasping it tightly in her two little hands, she hurries home and opens it to look at the

pictures; but her newly born joy is turned to sorrow, as she sees before her, little children with dark, woe-begone faces, shoeless, hatless and almost clotheless. Some of their little bodies are so lean and lank, that it is not a difficult matter for even such a young child to realize that they are dying of starvation. Filled with pity and wonder, she runs to her mother, and asks the reason of it all. And mother reads to the child the pitiful stories told there, until her little heart is ready to break with sorrow and sympathy. And again and again she takes a card in order to help the suffering children across the sea.

At the age of six, God speaks to this little maid through the efforts of Rev. Payson Hammond, who is especially a children's evangelist. As he speaks so lovingly, and demonstrates the sin of their little hearts, and the power of the precious blood of Jesus to cleanse away that sin, he uses chemicals, which make a most vivid impression upon the children's minds. Conscience is awakened, and that constitutional desire, present in every human soul, is aroused, viz.: to see, to know Jesus for oneself.

She wanted Him to wash away the sins of her little heart, even as the chemicals used were making the black liquid white. However, being timid and reserved, she hesitates, and the golden opportunity is gone. Ah, little one, had a loving hand taken hold of your timid one, and a kind persuasive voice said, "Come, dear, do not be afraid, Jesus loves you, and will receive you," how gladly you would have re-

sponded, and the tenor of your young life have been changed *then and there*.

We should never fear the spiritual enlightenment of children. They should not be unduly urged nor over-persuaded, but if one feels that the Spirit of God is talking to a child, a kind word or proffered hand will often help them to overcome natural timidity. And no one, who reads and believes their Bible, can deny the fact that God *did* and *does* call children. How much better that the bud should open to the Sun of Righteousness before it is blighted by sin, than afterwards. How it must grieve the heart of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," to see little children, who brave the strong fear and timidity of their natures, repulsed or neglected, when they would come to the Master. Let us indeed be shepherds who care for the lambs as well as the sheep!

As the child grows older, and learns to read for herself, she takes these same missionary books, and, going off alone, reads the sad stories, which tell of their poverty of both body and spirit, and how they need Jesus and His love, and how inadequate the missionaries are to supply that need, until in the ardor of her own wrought-up little spirit she declares, "I will be a missionary myself some day. I will go to these poor little children and tell them about Jesus."

But years pass away, bringing with them many changes in that home, and in the little girl's life. The child becomes a maiden. In the newer and more vivid

interests of youth, the pity awakened in childhood dies away, and the good resolution so vehemently uttered is forgotten. India is a country of which she rarely, if ever, thinks. Temporal ambitions have been awakened, youth's bright star is in the ascendancy, and the seed sown in childhood lies fruitless in the unwatered garden.

Nevertheless, the hand of God is still upon her to draw her unto Himself, and at the age of sixteen, with a longing, yearning heart, she seeks God in the act of confirmation. But, as the longed-for day dawns, after the most earnest preparation on her part, as the hand of him, who in her estimation is next to God, descends upon her head, she realizes the first great spiritual disappointment of her life. For there is felt no thrill of power; no transformation takes place in the life, and the anticipated joys of sins forgiven and communion with God the Father, have turned to ashes of doubt.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nestling, tenderly as a child in its mother's arms, at the foot of the Adirondack Mountains, from whence it received its cool, fragrant breezes, remarkable for its rows of tall, stately elms, its many mineral springs, well-kept lawns, and lovely summer residences, is the beautiful village of Saratoga Springs, New York.

It is in this same chosen spot, that we next find this young girl in the year of 1895. A general breakdown in health had caused disappointment in earthly ambitions; bitterness of spirit, and proudness of heart.

Where are the tender inspirations of childhood? Where the heart yearnings after God? The longings to know Him, to find in Him her soul's satisfaction? Ah! they are buried down deep beneath the leaves of pride and ambition. The glare of the world has scorched them; and the blasts of admiration blighted them.

But the loving Father was true to His child. "When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt, I taught Ephraim also to go, taking them by their arms; but they knew not that I healed them. I drew them with the cords of a man, with hands of love."

Having tasted the world and its pleasures, she finds its joy not deep, its satisfaction not lasting. There is a restlessness down deep in the heart. The leaves of pride and ambition are ruthlessly pushed aside and a voice is heard, like that of the cry of a child in the night. It is a voice of conscience. It is the voice of God; and her soul starts back in consternation to find this child of spiritual desire, this embryo of God, clamoring for its rightful existence.

To an obscure Mission Hall she is led by the invitation of a young friend. After attending for a few weeks, during which the Holy Spirit is true to His office work of "convicting the world of sin and righteousness, and judgment," she deliberately, determinedly decides to yield her heart to Him.

Mark this, dear young friends, she was not coaxed, nor over-persuaded. No one comes and pleads with her by the hour to do what the Spirit is showing her

that she should do. None stay up with her until the midnight hours to "pray her through." Without a human voice speaking a word, she arises to leave all and follow Jesus. The great fear at her heart, that of falling away, as she had seen some do, and consequently bringing reproach upon Christ and His cause, thereby losing confidence in herself and Him, this also she brings with the burdens of her heart and casts them all at His dear feet.

Why is it, that on this Wednesday night, September 20th, 1895, when the invitation is given, she cannot arise and carry out her determination? Why is it, that during the first verse of song she is still powerless? Why is it, that during the second verse of song she makes a most desperate effort, and it seems as if chains were binding her to the chair? Psychologists may attempt to answer, but those taught of God know it to be the power of the evil one himself, loath to let her go, and making a desperate effort to retain her for his kingdom of darkness.

My sister, brother, break away! Call into control your will! Exercise your manhood, your womanhood. Dethrone him, the King of Darkness, who is throttling every heaven-born aspiration! Enthrone Jesus, the King of Light and Love; who gives His subjects freedom from all that would enthrall their manhood, and womanhood, and victory over all that would antagonize their spiritual advancement. Yes, we would be broader yet, and say, their spiritual, mental, and physical advancement. Praise His name!

Sit in the audience, and reverently, not idly, watch this soul in its struggle for liberty. See, she has arisen at last! Her whole frame trembling under the effort, and shaken with sobs from the great emotion of the moment, with tears streaming down her pale, earnest face, she hurries to the altar. There she throws herself, with her poor little heart breaking with the weight of its own unworthiness, at His feet; yields herself to His mercy. She cannot plead her morality now, which seemed such a sure cloak only a few hours ago.

"In her hand no price she brings,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.  
Simply to the cross she clings,  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Were she a thief on the cross, were she a Mary Magdalene, she could not feel more fully the sense of sin, more hopelessly undone, than she does at this present moment.

One little, simple prayer is ascending to the great white throne.

In a low, faltering voice, shaken with sobs, she prays, "Dear Jesus, forgive me, and make me Thy child, and make my heart pure." And, what do you think, friend, does God hear? Or does He turn a deaf ear to the cry of His child? Is He too busy over the ruling of worlds to hearken? Nay, nay! He listens, He bends low to whisper some sweet words of comfort and assurance, which only her ears can catch. Hear the clear triumphant answer, "Yes, I believe that Jesus



WINNOWING GRAIN. "THE WICKED ARE AS THE CHAFF  
WHICH THE WIND DRIVETH AWAY"



saves me just now." No hesitancy, no doubt, "Believe?" But from whence has this faith come? She who was so full of doubts and fears? Look at her face! Radiant and shining as that of an angel's. The few remaining tears glisten even as dew reflects the newly-awakened light of the sun. Ask her of that great overwhelming joy, "joy unspeakable and full of glory," "the peace of God, which passeth understanding," "the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." Ask her why life seems so different. Its ills, its sorrows, its disappointments are all adjusted now. Ask where the burden of sin and doubt and fear is gone, and she will answer, "I am happy, so happy in Jesus. He is All in all."

And oh, how happy she really is! Indeed, from that time on the sky does appear bluer, the birds do sing more sweetly. All nature harmonizes, and rejoices with her in this newly-found joy.

"Life, once so sad, seems bright and glad,  
Since Jesus loves her so."

**Jesus, precious Jesus!**

Young friend, do you not envy this young girl her great happiness? Would you not like this "Sun of Righteousness to arise with healing in His wings" in your heart? Deep down under the leaves in your soul, is there not a faint rustling? And do you not hear a stifled, plaintive voice calling to you in the night watches, when you are all alone with God? Will you not heed this voice and yield your heart to Jesus the

Son of God; receiving life, and light and liberty? "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and will open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

But happiness, ah, 'tis a little thing compared to the great satisfaction of a life in harmony with the will of the great, "I Am." To know that one is carrying out the plan and purpose of his Maker, co-operating with Him in His thought for the world. Not marring, but making; not thwarting, but aiding; not pulling down, but building up.

And all must come alike, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, moralist and flagrant sinner. There is only one altar—Christ. Only one way—Christ. Only one pardon—through Christ. "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." "One Savior, one Mediator, but according to His mercy He saved us. By the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost." "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."

The demonstration of this life may, nay, will be different, but its nature the same. Away with the thought that the transformed life relates only to the drunkard, the debased! You, intelligent, thoughtful moral reader, you need Christ, and His power. "For the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. Who can know it?" "But is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" inquired the astonished Hazael, when the prophet of God gave

him an insight into the depths of his heart. All, all need His power; the rich Nicodemus, the Mary Magdalene, "all must be born again."

## THE VOICE OF GOD.

The voice of God! Oh, hear it calling!  
Sweeter than mother's after absence long.  
More thrilling in its tones of beauty,  
Than any lovely song.

The voice of God! How soft and plaintive!  
Played in the heart upon a minor key,  
On strings of sorrow and affliction,  
The song of life to be.

The voice of God! In thunders often.  
With lightning flashes of His mighty power  
To break the darkness of sin's thraldom,  
To scatter clouds that lower.

That voice of God! Crushed, stifled, throttled,  
Beneath the pride of life and strength of will.  
Rejected in the heart it slumbers,  
A voice so "small and still."

The voice of God! Ah! hear its accents!  
Today it calls, voice of the Christ Divine,  
Savior, I hear! I yield to thee my heart.  
Ever, eternally Thine.

## CHAPTER II

### “THE HEAVENLY VISION”

Four years have passed away, bringing to this young woman real joy and satisfaction in the service of Him, “who having not seen she loved.” Still frail, but wonderfully improved in health, she becomes “instant in season, out of season,” walking in the light as God shed it upon her pathway.

“In the world, but not of the world.” Having given up all that might prove a hindrance to her in the great race which she was running with such a prize set before her, “even the prize of the mark of the calling in Christ Jesus.” Not a wishful glance was ever cast behind, but her soul was ever like a bird on the wing, soaring above the miasma of this world into the heights of His love.

Ah, it is truly wonderful how God can satisfy a human soul, and cause such a sudden transformation that it passes quickly from spiritual darkness and non-comprehension, to real enlightenment. “The things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God. Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; but the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness to him; neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned.”

Shortly after her conversion, she had experienced a wonderful dream. In this dream she was a hand-maiden of the Lord in a special sense; and her whole life was yielded to His service in running to and fro at His beck and call. One day, as she was standing in the outer room of a small house, before a high, narrow window, looking down an avenue of trees, she noticed darkskinned men, with long, flowing garments, coming up the avenue. Sandals were upon their feet, and turbans of white cloth upon their heads. With staff in hand they toiled up the road, as though weary and dust-stained from a long journey. As they approached the window they inquired concerning the Savior of man. The dreamer, wondering who they might be, immediately went through a long hall to an inner room, and knocked upon the door of a small, closed compartment. From within the door was opened, and Christ, the loving Savior, stood before her, in pure white garments, noticeable only for the spiritual power of His presence. In an easy, natural manner, she told Him of these strangers, and their request. In accents full of compassion and deep spiritual significance, He answered, "Go to these men and tell them, 'Lo! I am with you always. My rod and my staff they comfort you.'" With a heart full of joy, she hastened away, and gave the assuring message to those strangers of the East who turned away satisfied.

Immediately awakening, she felt as if she had indeed been in the presence of Christ, Himself. The room seemed filled with the light and glory of His

personality; and her heart throbbed with a living joy in the knowledge of being a handmaiden of her Lord. Sacred, holy privilege! Nevertheless, she did not connect this dream with her life work until a year or so later.

Months pass by, a few years roll away, and still Christ is all in all. One night, at prayer meeting, the pastor read a tract on the great subject of missions, a most pathetic story of a shepherd dog and her faithfulness to her duty of saving the lost lambs entrusted to her.

The thoughts of the tract as remembered were thus: A dark, stormy night. The shepherd, and his sheep cosily housed in an Eastern sheep cote. The faithful shepherd dog, wearied with the constant care of the sheep all day, has crawled to the corner, and is licking, in loving contentment, the sleek coat of her little ones, who have been so lonely all day without her. Now for a night of rest, and enjoyment of love.

The shepherd counts his sheep. Alas! three are missing. Going to the corner, he calls the dog by name, lifts up three fingers, significantly, and pointing to the door, sternly says, "Go." She obeys without a whimper, without any hesitancy. Several hours go by, and there is a scratch at the door. The shepherd opens it, and the dog enters with a lamb in her mouth, which she had rescued from the wolves. Again he puts up two fingers, and says, "Go." And, with a reluctant look at the little ones in the corner, she turns and again goes out to battle with the raging storm,

and the fiercer animals. Again a few hours pass away, and a scratch is heard at the door. And this time, more battered and spent than before, the faithful creature lays her trophy at her master's feet. Again he holds up one finger, and sternly says, "Go." With one long, lingering, loving look at the puppies in the corner, she again braves the night, and the dangers without. The storm rages wilder and wilder. Amid its fury a faint noise is heard at the door, and the shepherd for the third time opens it, to find the dog again at its threshold, bleeding and torn with her last fierce fight with the wolves. Faint and exhausted, she lays the animal down, and looks up at her master. No doubt, the look of love and satisfaction she finds there is reward enough, for she slowly and painfully drags herself to that loved corner, amid her young, now overwhelmed with joy, and giving them one last fond caress, this faithful animal breathes her last.

Immediately to this young woman's soul is revealed the "Heavenly Vision." She sees the lost sheep and lambs of India's wilds. The storms of superstition are raging, the wolves of heathenism are howling for their prey. *Lost, and no hope.* No Shepherd: no faithful dog to recover those whom she should recover. But ah, the mountain is dark, very dark: the storms so fierce; the night so cold. And the corner, O God! the corner. Must the piteous cries of love in the corner be disregarded? Must the pain and anguish of her own heart be crushed down? Must she leave all, mother, loved ones and home, and go away over the

mountain? Away over the great blue sea, away to distant lands, away to dark-skinned people? to those who know not the Shepherd, and are not of His fold? "And other sheep have I, and they are not of this fold. Them also I must bring, that there might be one fold, and one shepherd." "Go," said the Shepherd sternly, but intense love made Him stern, "and if like the dog, you should come through the storm in the last watches of the night, torn and wounded, laying your trophies at My feet, having lost your life for My sake, you will find it again blooming in the fields of glory among those whom you have rescued from out of the storm of sin and idolatry."

"I, Lord? I? With all my weaknesses? I, Lord? I? Oh, how can I go? How can I leave all in this sense to follow Thee to India? Mother, Jesus, what of mother? And unsaved loved ones? Would you have me leave them on the cold, dark mountains, away from Christ, and go away to rescue others? Jesus, Savior, do you mean it?"

"Yes, my child, it is for you to go. Trust your weakness to me, my grace is sufficient for thee, for thy strength is made perfect in weakness. Trust your dear loved ones to me, for as father pitith his children, so the Lord pitith them that fear Him. And as you go out to do my bidding, I will care for the little corner at home, and its precious inmates. Yes, go; *go for my sake.*"

With heart breaking with a sense of what it all means, she quickly hastens home, and, going off alone,

wrestles like Jacob of old with the angel until the breaking of dawn. In the first great heart-agony of a complete surrender, the great privilege, the honor of being a co-laborer with Him is forgotten. She can only moan out in the anguish of her soul, as she tosses upon her tear-stained pillow, "And mother, and loved ones, and home? O, Jesus!"

Some spirits seem to be so constituted, that they sense the meaning of consecration, and what a certain line in the future implies, beforehand in a special and keen sense. Terrible is the weight of it then, but the afterward is beautiful. People wonder to see them walking around, with serene, calm faces, and tranquil hearts in the midst of the fiery furnaces. They wonder that there is *then* no murmur, no cry of pain, no thought of retreat.

"Quiet, all quiet on a sea of pain."

Others do not sense as keenly at the time; they enter more confidently, even joyously. But as trials appear how they squirm and chafe, and weep and pray. We have seen both kinds on the mission field and know which have the better outcome. Sense it here in earnest consecration, if you can. Circumstances are so strenuous there, that a sure faith, a calm trust and an undivided, quiet heart are necessary for real success in the work.



## GOOD-BYE

“Good-bye.” Oh, word of magic sweetness,  
That sits enthroned upon the heart of pain!  
We love, we fear, we own thy power,  
And yet we say, “Good-bye” again.

“Good-bye.” In softest tone we breathe it,  
Muffled by tears that tremble on the lid;  
While heart beats high with pain and sorrow,  
And yet, in love, “Good-bye” we bid.

“Good-bye.” “God bless you,” is the echo  
Reverberating through the empty heart,  
God watch between us while we’re absent,  
And thus in faith, “Good-bye,” we part.

“Good-bye.” We linger as we speak it,  
One hand clasp and the sudden wrench is made,  
Which tears the heart from heart so loving,  
And thus, “Good-bye,” in pain is bade.

“Good-bye.” But in a brighter morrow  
We’ll meet again, with tears and sighs all o’er;  
Our joy more full, our love more perfect,  
With no “Good-bye” on Heaven’s shore.

## CHAPTER III

### “NOT DISOBEDIENT”

Days pass into weeks, weeks into months, and the months develop more than a year, and yet this question, which she considered settled, still continues to intrude itself upon her thoughts. With streaming eyes and trembling heart she tells God again and again that she will carry out His desire. But the all-wise Father, who searcheth the deep things of the heart, who knew Peter better than he knew himself, reiterates the question, “Lovest thou me more than these?” “Yes, Lord, thou knowest that I love Thee, and though heart should break and life be spent in the effort to do Thy will, I will acquiesce.”

A calm — peace for a season — then a fiercer tempest would almost wreck the frail bark. Again, in the still watches of the night, in the quiet hours of communion, the voice of her beloved would gently but persistently say, “Lovest thou me more than these?” And in agony of soul she cried out, “Oh, Lord, thou knowest *all things*, thou knowest that *I love thee*. Thou knowest that this struggle is only the flesh which is so weak, while the spirit is willing. Thou knowest that mother, loved ones, home ties are dear, but Thy will dearer. Strengthen this heart, add fresh courage to this decision, and by Thy grace, I will ‘delight to do Thy will, oh, my Lord.’”

During this period God was preparing her for a richer, deeper experience in Himself. And one day she awakened to the realization that Jesus had said, "It is expedient for you that I go away. For if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send Him unto you; and when He is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness and of judgment."

She remembered that this very same Jesus had said to His disciples before leaving them for His mediatorial throne, "Tarry ye in Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." And again, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

Alas! how few tarry until they are endued with power from on high! See the hurry and bustle of the spirit of the present age: to wait for anything is a great annoyance. The child of God forgets that waiting is often a part of God's plan and preparation of the individual. It is not *idle* waiting that God requires, but *busy, expectant* waiting. And while we agree, that when the soul is consecrated wholly, and places itself upon the altar, the altar, *Christ*, sanctifies the gift at once, yet so few realize the depths of this consecration, and the waiting is relative to its completeness, rather than any act of preparation on God's part.

For three days and nights she cried to God, for

the Gift of the Holy Ghost. Her soul hungered and thirsted for His presence! Every breath was a prayer, and she determined to tarry until He came. Let it be months, if necessary, but from henceforth there must be no uncertainty and the void must be filled! Her cry to God, her faith in His words must be answered. In the intense longing of her heart, life itself seemed to be of little worth, did not Jesus send the Comforter, and during those three days, her soul went through the garden of consecration with her Master.

And He comes! Praise God! He comes! When the last gift has been laid on the altar,—in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye—the blood was applied, cleansing her heart from sin, and the Holy Spirit comes unto the cleansed home to take up His abode. Satisfied with Him whom her soul desires above all things earthly or heavenly, she arises in the strength of His life. Oh, where is the question of India now? Where the struggles to say "yes" to her Savior on this matter? Where the agony of soul, the bitter tears, the dreaded, dreaded future? Gone, all gone! Buried in that great consecration through which she has just passed with Christ. "Are ye able to drink this cup with me?" No more would her spirit be grieved, her love wounded at His words, "Lovest thou me more than these?" For now, entering upon "the fellowship of His sufferings," she could look up into His blessed, grief-stricken face, grief for her and for a lost world, and say, "yea, Lord, thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love thee!"

Yes, tears will fall in the future, but there will be no bitterness. Hearts will almost break, but Jesus will heal. Lips will quiver, but He will understand.

Brother, sister, is there a depth of consecration to which God is calling you? Is God asking your best, and you fain would yield but cannot? Does the way seem too rough and rugged to follow? Is the "flesh indeed weak?" Go with Jesus through the garden of Gethsemane, die with Him on the cross, and arise with Him again in the resurrection life, even the life of His Holy Spirit. "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach."

Four years of earnest preparation and she is ready to literally give up all and follow Jesus. Years during which her call was tested from all points, but with Paul she could say, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision. But when it pleased God who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by His grace, to reveal His Son in me, that I might preach Him among the heathen, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood."

We will not dwell on those last few days and moments spent in the homeland with mother and loved ones! Draw a curtain softly, lest anguished hearts be exposed to the world's rude gaze, and pass by with hushed footsteps and every breath a prayer for her who sits in her loneliness, for her who said, "It seems as if the light has gone out of my life. And the path-

way from this home to India, red with drops of blood wrung from my aching heart.”

Oh, mother! God knows all! He can judge which is the greater sacrifice! Not a tear, not a longing but that He understands, and in the Glory Land your life will be exceedingly more beautiful, and fruitful, because of this willing and noble sacrifice for our Savior, who has redeemed you, and whom you love so faithfully!

So we will dry our tears nor linger over our sorrow. We have “entered into the fellowship of His sufferings,” and “will count it all joy that we might win Him.” Glorious privilege to be counted worthy!

And we will let the glory of living a co-laborer with Him so envelope our hearts that the weaknesses of human love shall be swallowed up in its shekinah. We shall know and love and understand in the bright and beautiful tomorrow.

\* \* \* \* \*

### MOTHER DARLING

When again mine eyes behold thee,  
And my heart against thine dost throb,  
Will it pain or gladness bring me?  
Will my laughter end in sob?

Will the years have roughly pressed thee?  
Sorrow's finger marked thy brow,  
And thine eye be dimmed with weeping?  
Mother, tell me, tell me now!

Will the longing for my presence  
Cast a shadow o'er thy face?  
Of the dark brown hair I fondled,  
Mother, will there be a trace?

Will the loving hands that labored  
For me in sweet childhood's hour,  
Much too slender for their burden,  
Mother, will they lose their power?

Will thine ears be strained with listening  
For a step thou canst not hear?  
And thy quivering lips still murmur,  
"Would my darling were but here."

"No, ah, No!" My heart cries loudly,  
Sorrow shall not mar thy face,  
For the Son of God is able  
And will keep thee by His grace!

Casting all thy care upon Him,  
All the longings of thy heart,  
Time shall leave upon thy visage  
Nothing of his counterpart.

Every trace of sorrow's finger  
On the background dark and drear.  
Will but leave a rainbow promise,  
Of His presence, ever near.

Every tear that falls in weeping,  
Bottled by His loving hand,  
When unstopped, shall cast a fragrance  
Worthy of that heavenly land.

Every longing be supplanted  
And thine heart in Him rejoice.  
While thine ears are filled with music,  
Matchless music of His voice.

Mother, darling, I commit thee  
To the care of One whose power  
Never, never will forsake thee,---- --  
In the dark and trying hour.

Should the little while that's left us,  
Hence be spent in absence far,  
We shall live in love forever  
Where no tears our joy shall mar.

Then be brave and strong, courageous,  
Let the cross its glory prove,  
Shedding power and joy and sunshine  
Everywhere thy footsteps move.

—Composed in India, 1905.

\* \* \* \* \*

July the second, nineteen hundred and four, we stand upon the deck of the ocean-bound steamer, a little company of missionaries, while the docks are crowded with loving friends. And no doubt you have guessed ere this, that this little Bermudian and your own missionary are one.

Good-byes are said; ropes are loosened; the anchor pulled in; handkerchiefs are waved. The last rope leaves the dock and falls into the water with a splash, while the queen of the ocean solemnly, majestically steams out of the harbor. We look for the last wave of the handkerchiefs, while to our ears are borne the sweet, familiar strains of “The Sweet By and By.” We wonder if there will ever be another earthly “By and By,” but amid the sad thoughts wells up a joy that comes from obeying the voice of God. Obedience is better than sacrificing, and to hearken than the fat of rams.

You would know joy, real, satisfying joy? Obey God! *Simply obey God!*

## CHAPTER IV

### INDIA'S AUTOMOBILE

We will not weary you with the details of our journey across the sea, for no doubt you have been wearied on this line many times ere this.

Sufficient to say that God was with us. Seasickness, that dread malady of the ocean, conquered us at times, and under its baneful influence we felt our first touch of homesickness. But again He who said, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you," came and fulfilled His promises, and we were comforted.

On the 5th day of August, 1904, after one month and two days' sailing, we left our steamer in the harbor of Bombay and entered small boats. The tide being low, the steamer was unable to come into dock. The rainy season had set in, and we were greeted by copious showers on the way.

We landed at Bombay in the morning, and there became acquainted with the since familiar and tiresome "caw, caw" of the numerous crows which came into the hotel where we took our meals for the day.

It was here also that we took our first glimpse of those dark-skinned people for whom Christ had died, and for whom He had imparted into our hearts a like portion of His *great love*.

After a few interesting hours spent in Bombay, about seven o'clock in the evening we made our way to the depot, a magnificent building of which India may well be proud. Amid the jabbering of foreign tongues, and the all-necessary baggage difficulties, we finally landed in our several compartments. At nine the train started. Friends at the station sang that beautiful old hymn, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." It was eagerly taken up by our party, and upon its sacred strains we were borne out of Bombay towards our new home.

God *was* with us! God *is* with us! Bless His dear name! On the train we found that our difficulties had begun, although in an unexpected manner. A small compartment, with five couches, whose width was that of an ordinary seating capacity, and seven women and two children to be made comfortable (?) for the night. We had the glory in our souls, you know, so we simply made the best of it; doubled up like sardines, and settled down for the night.

Most of us were too full of *anticipation* and *cramps* to sleep. The monotony of the night was broken by the arrival of friends of the missionaries at the different stations, and snatches of lunch and bites of delicious mangoes.

At Bhusawal we changed cars. Enjoyed a good breakfast from the lunch basket, and traveled on toward our destination.

As we passed along we noted the effects of the rains that were continually falling. The fields were

clothed in beautiful light green verdure whose tender shoots the lean, lank animals were cropping gratefully. Acres of cotton were showing signs of growth, and all nature seemed to smile in thankfulness to God for the rain so long withheld.

At Malkapur the tongas and bullocks were awaiting us. Here we were severely reminded that we were in a land upon which the curse of God rested, by beholding a man, whom we had previously seen led into a car by friends in less than two hours brought out and laid upon the ground—dead! Died of cholera!

Neither tongue nor pen could adequately describe to you our next experience. Some of the party traveled the remaining distance in tongas drawn by ponies, and some of us were fortunate (?) enough to be assigned to the bullock carts, which have no springs whatever. Our equipage afforded three seats on the bottom of the cart, one of which was provided with a spring. “Faith” and “Victory” trotted boldly along in front of us, and I can assure you we needed the inspiration of both!

The bullocks started at a run, and we providentially caught our breath, else we would have had none to catch, and started also. Up and down! rattlety, bang! all over the bottom of the cart. Which would be the most appropriate, to laugh or to cry, we did not know. Finally decided to laugh most heartily. I mean ejaculatorily, at which Jacob, one of our boys who was driving, turned around, gave the bullocks

a more vigorous stroke and laughed also. He couldn't understand a word of what we were saying, and we reciprocated the ignorance.

Our spinal cord seemed possessed with a dozen or more little demons, who were pounding upon the most delicate nerves with sledge hammers. Our brain felt unequal to the strain of such a series of messages and seemed reedy to burst. Teeth shook in their gums,—the real ones, I mean,—internal organs seemed to be changing places; hair pins flew out and hats bobbed up and down. Experience of all experiences—a ride in a bullock cart! It is better felt than told!

Once in a while the bullocks would walk sufficiently for us to catch another breath and give forth a song of victory. The white mile-stones marked our progress, and when opportunity afforded, we sang out the chorus,—

"Farther on, the way grows brighter,  
Count the mile stones, one by one."  
"Jesus will forsake us never,  
It is better farther on."

It was better farther on! When we came to ascend the mountains, the bullocks had, of necessity, to walk, and we had the pleasure of drinking in the beauties of nature around us. Below lay the jungles, hemmed in on three sides by majestic mountains and through the opening, as far as the eye could reach, the green fertile plains extended. How lovely! Was it possible that this was the land of heathen darkness and

gross wickedness, we asked ourselves? Could it be that even as the serpent lay hidden in coils at the feet of those grand trees of the jungle, thus malaria, cholera, plague, and fevers abounded among the fairness of its physical beauties? And idolatry, impurity and sin of every description was impregnated in its moral atmosphere? It is only *too true*. Herds of goats, black sheep, deer and monkeys were seen by us, and finally, tired and weary, our hearts gave a bound for joy when Jacob pointed to Buldana, far in the distance. But when the last milestone had been passed we forgot physical discomforts, and lived in anticipation of that which was before us. Thus it will be when we have passed that last mile-stone on our home-ward journey!

At last the mission bungalow came in sight. How our hearts rejoiced to see the lights gleaming in the dusky distance! We cannot describe to you the home-likeness,— the quaint bungalow, with its low, broad veranda, creeping vines, and general air of neatness and beauty.

A good-sized campus surrounds the bungalow, and in the front and at one side are two beautiful spreading banyan trees, giving shade from the fierce, tropical sun.

We learned afterwards that these same trees were supposed to be inhabited by evil spirits of all descriptions, but thus far we have found only owls, bats and an abundance of crows. However, since the Hindu believes in the transmigration of the soul, these may



OFF TO CHIKHLI IN INDIA'S AUTOMOBILE



be the spirits of their dead ancestors. Not according to our belief, though.

As we drove up to the veranda, the boys and girls of our mission, who had been anxiously awaiting us, stood on either side of the drive, clapping their hands and shouting "Hallelujah!" "Glory to God!" in Marathi. Upon alighting from the wagon, two of our girls, Mary and Ruth, placed a garland of many colored oleander flowers about our necks, and stepping upon the veranda we were cordially welcomed by the missionaries, who had preceded us in the tongas.

We felt at once that we were at home, and praised God from the depths of grateful hearts! Surely,

"The toils of the road seem nothing,  
When we get to the end of the way."

Some of our boys had tastefully decorated the table. Wreaths of oleanders, red, white and pink, formed a centerpiece, while two dishes of the most beautiful roses on either side, set off by an underground of bright poppy petals and the green leaves of delicate vines, completed the effect.

After partaking of a substantial dinner, we all knelt before our Heavenly Father, and tried to thank and praise Him for His marvelous goodness to us, His children. We failed, but our Father understood. Bidding each other "good night," we retired in "Our Father's keeping" and peacefully passed our first night in Buldana.

You ask for our first impressions?

Personally, they were strangely familiar! The dark-skinned, peculiarly dressed men and women who passed us on our way to the station seemed to be in such harmony with their surroundings—the hot, dusty road, the general air of a tropical city—that we ceased to wonder at them. And it seemed quite natural for us to be there among them. Why, I do not know! Perhaps because we, also, had passed the first part of our lives in the Bermuda Isles, with its beautiful climate, many dark-skinned people, and where palms are well known and oleanders grow wild.

Perhaps it was because God had adjusted us beforehand, I know not.

A missionary who had been out for five years said to me: "I never travel this road from Chikhli to Buldana, but that it seems so strange to me. Doesn't it to you?" I replied, "No! From the first day everything has seemed so familiar, that I scarcely can credit but that I have been here before."

And thus God prepared His child for all that was to follow, and verified His precious promise. "Lo, I am with you alway."

You may trust Him! Yes, He will do it for you, timid one! He requests an absolute consecration, an unbroken confidence first, however, on your part. Then, *He never fails! Try Him! Trust Him!*

## CHAPTER V

### ONE DAY AMONG “OUR BOYS”

Five o'clock has rung out upon the still air. All Buldana sleeps. Darkness covers the town.

Presently I am awakened by strains of the old familiar tune, “Hold the Fort for I Am Coming.” Sleepily at first, but increasing in volume and vigor, until it breaks forth upon the calm morning air as though in defiance of the dampness and darkness hanging so heavily around. The words are unintelligible to my ear, but the sounds are sweeter than any bell that has been used as an awakener.

The song is hushed. Darkness has fled at the sudden approach of dawn, and prayer, like sweet incense, is poured forth, not to gods of wood and stone, but to the only true God, our Father, and His Son, Jesus Christ. “Our boys” have awakened from sleep, and are at their morning devotions.

I cannot describe the feelings which passed over my soul when first I experienced this.

They have not been coaxed out of downy beds, with resulting cross looks and querulous voices. A hard, stone floor and a blanket have been their only beds; and yet they are willing and anxious to praise God, for His blessings unto them.

Lessons? Oh! yes; many lessons have these children taught me since I have been in their midst.

Buffaloes are being cared for; yards swept; gardens watered, and general work being performed. Boys are here, there and everywhere. The majority are eager, active and alert; a few lag behind, like some boys at the North Pole, perhaps. Working time among "our boys."

Eight o'clock! baths must be taken by all, and at half past eight they gather for their morning prayer meeting, when again, upon the sin-laden air of India, familiar hymns and earnest prayers arise to our Father and their Father, our God and their God.

From nine to twelve they are busy with a Marathi master. Between twelve and one, they praise God for their first meal of the day, two "chapatties" and curry. Meat once a week. They used to have three meals a day, but once when the Mission was gathering funds for some special and needy purpose, these boys, out of their poverty, longed to give something for Jesus, and told the missionary in charge that they would willingly go without their breakfast, and the cost to be added to this fund. And since then they have been satisfied with two meals a day.

Note the spirit of sacrifice in these once heathen children, and may we learn lessons from the same! How many of us have ever given up one whole meal for the sake of such precious children? How many of us have abstained for one week or one month in order that they may be provided two meals a day?

How many of us have given out of our abundance that such children may have the bare necessities of life, and enjoy the privilege of serving Christ instead of vile gods such as Krishna?

Sacrifice! We scarcely know the meaning of the word! We need to go to heathendom to see it carried out. Men and women sacrificing time, money, life itself in giving to their gods; in making long pilgrimages in the interest of their souls. All instigated by faith in *dead gods*; what should not faith in a *living, risen Christ* be expected to inspire?

As I look into their bright, earnest faces, as they greet me with a smiling "Salaam" or "Good afternoon," I praise God for the privilege He has afforded me of teaching these Hindu children! I forget their bare feet, their two scant garments, their dark faces, the fact that they sit on the floor; forget all; save that Jesus died for them; that He has filled my heart with love for them; and that my life is at their service. Oh, hallelujah to Jesus! for this blood-bought privilege!

Boys in America, I wish you could see the zeal of these boys. I wish that you could witness their order, their attentiveness, their eagerness to learn, their care of their books, and their prayers to Jesus to help them gain this English language!

At four, after thanking God for His help in broken English or Marathi, they are dismissed.

As I go to my room, wearied from the effort of making myself understood, and them understand,

sounds of happy laughter and boyish shouts attract my attention, and, looking out of the window, I behold "Our boys" at play. And play they do; for they are not satiated with recreation as many boys are, but simply have enough to keep them from being "dull boys" and to enable them to appreciate it the more.

At five-thirty they have their supper, the same as at dinner, but, nevertheless, praises for the Savior who has redeemed them, arise from their hearts joyfully. I have witnessed them once. They looked happy and contented, and I knew that it was as it should be, nevertheless, as I contrasted and compared — my heart ached, even as I smiled at them with my lips.

Between six and seven, more work for the older boys. At seven-thirty the bell rings, and boys and girls, missionaries and all, gather in the parsonage for the Friday night prayer meeting. Friends, here is where I would make you more fully acquainted with "our boys." For weeks the heavens have been as brass; the tender blades of grass have blanched beneath the sun's hot rays, the earth has become dry and lies open in seams; the little water in the tank is to be shut off on the fifteenth; men's and women's faces are long, anxious, forsaken — a water famine is approaching! The boys and girls have been praying God for rain to save the crops and fill the tank. As we leave the house on our way to the meeting, I look up into the heavens. A few little clouds, set off by bright,

shining stars, send forth an occasional flash of heat lightning.

At the beginning of the meeting the leader tells, in a few words, the needs of the mission — for their own souls, for rain, money, wood for building, and so forth — and exhorts them to get hold of God in prayer. We kneel down and Henry begins. I cannot understand a word, but feel the presence of the Holy Ghost go through my soul as an electric shock, and know that he is importuning God. He has grasped the wire. Peter follows, then Leon, then Arthur, Alfred, and so on until the Holy Ghost has breathed upon us, and we have the earnest of the petition desired.

Douglas or Allentown campmeeting is not to be mentioned with this; for these are children won from heathendom, you must remember.

Oh, hallelujah! It makes me shout to think of it. To what did it amount? The stars, at the command of God, had hidden their faces; the clouds had gathered from the four quarters of the heavens; thunder, low at first, but growing louder, was heard, and rain, the longed-for blessing, was coming in torrents upon the thirsty land. Shouts! I thought I should become deaf; but believed they must have penetrated the sky and the angels have leaped for joy. All glory to Jesus! It is the power; yes, the power of God!

For six days and nights it has poured incessantly, until the poverty-stricken tank is flooded, and giving away beneath the pressure. Men and women

have hurried to its rescue. The waste pipe is open and water is gushing forth. We have had to beseech our Father to stay His hand, and again He has answered prayer. Hallelujah! It is just like our Father to answer so generously. It reminds me of His spiritual blessings, especially when He outpours the Holy Ghost upon an individual or a collection of individuals. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!".

If time and space permitted I would write more concerning "our boys" and tell you something about "our girls" equally as interesting and promising as the other, but I must leave this for another time. Sufficient to say, that some, nay, many of them, have passed from death unto life, and the older ones are crying for the baptism of the Holy Ghost upon their hearts.

Do not become disheartened! Send us money! Breathe us prayers! Come and help us through! Buildings must go up, boys and girls must be gathered in, the entire work go on. "Silver and gold hast thou none?" Then, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, such as thou hast, give unto us."

Some day in the very near future "our boys" will become preachers, and good Christian men of trade. Would you not like a part in their development? Would you not like a share in the reward?

In the memory of some dear one whom God has



ONE OF "OUR BOYS"



taken out of your life unto Himself, will you not support one of these children?

Give us, give them, the result of a life of power with God, a life of intercessory prayer. Give us, give them, a spirit so quickened by *His* Spirit that others will be inspired to *give* and *pray* and *come*!

"Our boys" have come from different castes and different places. Some from the farmer caste, some from the lower castes; one dear boy from a princely high-caste, and you can note it in his bearing.

Others were picked up by the wayside in the time of famine, starving and dying, forsaken by father and mother and other relatives. Or else these latter left by the wayside dead of starvation, a prey for the ravenous birds and beasts which hung around in such great numbers, while the children roamed desolately around.

There is a trace of something of these dire circumstances left upon some of their pale, sad faces, frail undermined constitutions, and undeveloped forms. Before manhood is upon them, no doubt, death will claim some of them as his own. But they will be happy in Christ through an endless eternity, and are now rejoicing in a home, in exchange for the wayside; two meals a day in place of none; loving hands to minister in times of illness; hearts to love them and bring them before God night and day; voices to teach them of Jesus; and they are happy and so grateful to the missionaries, and the kind friends in America who have made this change possible in their lives.

Let "*our boys*" become "*your boys*" in very truth! Take these motherless, fatherless children into your hearts. Surround them with your prayers and further them with your interest. And, although you may never see them here, in the Great Beyond, where "we shall know as we are known," their spirits will meet and recognize your spirit, and praise God that you had made it possible for them to serve Him through an endless eternity!

## CHAPTER VI

### GARDENING IN INDIA

Friends, are you aware that we have a beautiful garden in barren India? It is the royal garden of our King. In it, we must confess, are a few small, stunted trees, which have become so used to living on little or no moisture, that their pores will not open to the heavenly dews and sunshine which the King commands His gardeners to profusely distribute around them. They put forth the same scarred leaves of sinning and repenting, every season, we regret to say.

In the hot season, when the sun pours its fiery wrath, and the fierce, hot winds blow without mercy, it takes the gardeners all their time to pour water upon them, and to soften the earth around their roots; and then they are barely kept alive until the rainy season of revival.

Sometimes we think that they are only cumbering the ground, and are afraid lest the King will come seeking fruit, and finding none will say, "Cut them down." But the tender, loving Master Gardener, even the precious Christ, says: "Let them alone this year also; till I shall dig about them, and dung them; and if they bear fruit well; and if not—"

Have you any such trees in your gardens at home? You should not have. For here the ground is hard

with idolatry, the air is dense with superstition and foul with sin. They have absorbed this denseness and foulness for generations back, you know. Have your trees this excuse? "For unto whosoever much is given, of him shall be much required."

In this garden there are two or three full grown trees, which were transplanted after the habits of growing were formed. But how they struggled to conform to the rules of the garden! How willing that the loved hand of the Gardener should cut and purge that they may bring forth much fruit! How pitiful to see them writhe in agony while He turns and twists their crooked boughs into shape! But the Gardener is not discouraged; why should He be? He goes patiently and steadily about His work. "For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little."

We must follow in His footsteps. We must water here, purge there, let in the sunlight yonder; shut it partly out from that delicate plant only just put into soil. Poor little thing! The radiant light from the Sun, who is the illumination of this garden, might scorch it, should it all be brought to bear upon it at once. It needs a little shade, a little sunshine. Have patience! The Gardener has. By and by it will be strong and able to bear the light.

Then we have a few young, promising saplings. They are shooting up and broadening out, and leaving the poor old stunts far beneath them. True, they

tasted, they absorbed; but praise God! we have reason to believe that our Gardener plucked them and transplanted them by the River of Life, before they had formed their natural bent. They drink freely, and absorb greedily. Not quite understanding how to push the roots down, that they might draw from the River by which they are planted, we have to draw water constantly from the “well of salvation” for their benefit; but we do it “with joy.”

We are also obliged to keep the plumb-line of truth constantly applied to their trunks, that they may measure to the stature of Christ. There are more green leaves than roots these days; but already little birds of prayer, praise and victory, are building their nests in their boughs; and though a great hawk comes sometimes and scatters them off, nevertheless they soon fly back home again, and sing more sweetly than before. Bless the Lord! Hallelujah! By and by the roots will strike downward, the leaves will be more scarce, the bud, the flower, and then the fruit.

But the glory of our garden is the “buds of promise.” Our little lilies, rosebuds and violets! Oh, how their fragrance fills the air, until the poor old stunts breathe it in, and in their hardened depths a long slumbering desire is awakened to be once more a little child. For, “Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall in nowise enter the kingdom of heaven,” you know.

Sweet little “buds of promise,”  
With dewy lips of love,

Wet by the Master Gardener  
From His heavenly skies above.

Rich in the promise of service,  
Rendered to Christ the King,  
Filled with a loyal homage,  
Tributes of praise they bring.

Bright little "buds of promise,"  
The Master's special care,  
His hope of India's future,  
Choicest of plants so rare.

Then tend them with loving service,  
Breathe round them holy prayers;  
Water them night and morning,  
If need be, with your tears.

For at the cool of the evening,  
The Gardener will claim His own,  
The stumps, the trees, the saplings,  
And His buds to fulness grown.

Our Gardener loves these "buds of promise" and cares for them most tenderly. We see His eyes kindle with hope and expectancy as He waters them, and pulls the tiny weeds from around their roots. They were not transplanted, they sprang up from seed dropped by those trees previously mentioned, who were struggling to bear fruit. And these the King decreed should be their fruit.

The seed came forth in the King's garden amid the songs of the birds of prayer and praise. They pluck and eat the fruit of faith, hope, love and joy. When they first opened their eyes they beheld the King; they heard His name wafted upon the breeze; they saw mother and father trees bow their heads in reverence as He walked through the garden at the

cool of the evening. They caught His smile, brighter than the rainbow, and His loving words as He took them into His arms and said, "Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Oh, yes, our baby plants are the hope of our hearts, the success of our work. The Master Gardener has claimed some little tender vines for Himself. Their little tendrils were too delicate to twine around the earth pole, so He carried them home in His bosom.

Truly, our garden is a very little garden in comparison with some others. The earth becomes so hard at times that we must water it with our tears. The air so dense we must rend it with our sobs; but as we walk by His side and review the old stumps, those fighting against such odds, the young saplings, and our "buds of promise," we think we love our garden because it is His. We love to tend these plants because He watches over them with such tenderness. His presence, His actions, lend a radiance of glory that lifts it above the commonplace, above the discouragements and disappointments, and causes it to have its own reward. "Oh, Man of Sorrow, and acquainted with grief, hide not thy face from us. Give unto us the very essence of thy nature."

Friends, have you an interest in our garden? Perhaps you have in Wall Street, you may have in the bank, the school, the printing establishment, but have you here? Have you declared because one bank failed that you will never put money in another? How fool-

ish! Do men of business do thus? Should God's men be less sensible than they? Suppose you should send me five dollars, and on the way it should be irretrievably lost, would not the same gratitude be in my heart towards you as if I had received the money? Would I not recognize the gift, the sacrifice, the love which prompted the action, or would merely the reception of the money itself call forth these things?

Is our Father inferior to His children in justice and gratitude? If you give in the name of Jesus, you will receive a reward in harmony with the spirit in which you gave. Suppose you give from a heart of love, and in sacrifice for His cause, and this money should be misappropriated or squandered, would you receive your reward, or is it only the money that is acceptable to Jesus? Is it our work, or the spirit in which we do it that pleases Him?

You have all heard of the little girl who had one rag doll, the sole companion of her lonely childhood. And how when a missionary contribution was being collected, and other little ones were, from their abundance, giving beautiful dollies, her little mother-heart was torn with anguish, as she consented in loving sacrifice, to give her *one wee, rag baby*. What was it that has made the child so famous?

That lump of soiled rags? Not so; for her richer sisters gave more beautiful dolls. Why do we admire and love her, and would bestow upon her a dozen dolls, if we knew where she lived? Surely not the profit obtained from her rag baby. For doubtless it

was disdainfully flung into the dust by the little heathen hand, while it eagerly reached for one of those more beautiful. No! it was not these things, but the little heart of love and sweet sacrifice behind them. Again I say that our Father is not beneath us in His appreciation of worth. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee."

Has Satan so deceived you, friends, that in offering to the Lord you have your attention on earthly gain? Jesus said, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." Does that mean you are to send five dollars to India, and if it does not bring its profits according to *your* ideas, you will give no more?

We gave our lives to God for this work. Does that mean because we might have been deceived in friends or fellow workers that we have good reason for going home, sitting in a rocker and saying, "We will never work for missions again?" Dear friends, think over this. Were you never deceived before; will you never be again? If so, you must sever at once all connections with this world. For, remember, that Satan is not only a "roaring lion," but also an "angel of light."

May Jesus help you to see that nothing or nobody can excuse you from doing your whole duty before God. May God help you to say, "I will *give more*, and *take more interest* than ever before, that Satan may be defeated in this battle which he has

brought forth." Of course, he wants you to retreat. But, you will not, will you? You will "come to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

If the soldiers of the Revolution had run because the English obtained victories, or the old veterans of the Civil War become faint-hearted because of the hardships and defeats, where and what would America be today? What would be the condition of the slaves? Let us "endure hardness as good soldiers" and rally around the cross of victory! Amen! and amen!



BABY'S BATHTUB



## CHAPTER VII

### CASTE

Among the many ideas prevalent in Hindu philosophy is that of evolution, *i. e.*, in the beginning of things there was one atom from which all things else evolved. This atom later became deified and known to men as "Brahm" the creator, and one of the Hindu triad — Brahm, Vishnu and Shiva. Later the incarnation of Brahm was known as Brahman, from whom the entire class of Brahmans is derived.

The legend of caste tells how the Brahmans were developed from the head of Brahm, even as Minerva sprang from the head of Zeus. Consequently, they partook of the intelligence of the creator, and springing from the seat of power of the deity himself, became naturally and undoubtedly the head of the people spiritually, — their gods and priests.

From the shoulders of this same god proceeded the Kshatriyas or warriors. These were endowed with physical power and marked prowess, and were to be set aside as the protectors of the people in times of war. For the people of India were often in trouble with tribes from the north sweeping down upon them.

From the loins developed Vaishyas, consisting of merchantmen, farmers and laborers of all professions.

These were to make the maintenance and preservation of the other two castes possible.

And from the lower limbs proceeded the very large caste of Sudras—the surfs or slaves of the former castes. Upon whom they were dependent for even life itself, and religion of course.

The sacred books of India do not agree as to the origin of caste, and while in some instances the above story is credited, others are also given.

But, doubtless, the true origin of caste is to be found in the differences of race. The Aryans coming from the north conquered the original inhabitants of India, and thereby developed the castes of the conqueror and the conquered. Also differences of place and employment became a source; later developed by jealousies and rivalries of families and religion. These events were taken advantage of by crafty priests of the higher castes, whereby laws were enacted to make it more binding.

Men of intelligence all unite in denouncing caste. Sir H. S. Maine describes it to the most disastrous and blighting of human institutions.

Principal Caird writes: "It involves the worst of all wrongs to humanity, that of hallowing evil by the authority and sanction of religion. Instead of breaking down artificial barriers, waging wars with false separations, softening divisions and undermining class hatreds and antipathies, religion becomes itself the very consecration of them."

Caste has been compared to that distinction of

class recognized among the Christian nations. But there is a wide difference in that caste is obtained by birth and only by birth. It may not be attained by personal effort, however noble; it may not be awarded for merit, however praiseworthy. It is a despotic, cruel system which has so enslaved its victims that they know not they are such, but each glories in his own state and condition of life, while he holds tenaciously to the rules governing the same.

To the question, "Who are you?" the name of the caste is always given. And no blush of shame arises on the cheek of the Pariah or outcast. No resentment is felt towards the higher castes, who spurn them as filthy rags, and oppress them with social and religious rites.

From the four original castes mentioned above, many others have developed; numerous castes and sub-castes until one writer claims there are now 2,378 castes in all India.

To most people this will mean little or nothing, for the system of caste is practically unknown in our world today. To those who are Bible students a little knowledge may come by way of studying the relation of the Jews and the Samaritans, when all association was strictly forbidden, inter-marriage prohibited, and in fact all other dealings; the touch even of a Samaritan being defiling to the Jews.

But conceive of a nation consisting of over two thousand of such class distinctions, one being just as rigid as the other, and all within one nation embracing

the same religion. "Inconceivable!" you say, and you are right. And yet that is the condition of India today.

Just what caste is we find very difficult to define. We say it is a system, and so it is. But it is a system stronger and more impregnable than any other system in the world today. It is a system founded upon religion and so ingrained into the spirit of the orthodox Hindu that it has become an integral part of his very being. We say that a man is composed of spirit, soul and body, and in reckoning with one of these component parts we must not fail to consider the other two. We may rightly say of the Hindu that he is spirit, soul, body and caste. The latter by far the larger and more important, dominating over, utterly enslaving the other three.

In higher classes, no doubt, there has been much selfish benefit derived during these many years from this system; but as a nation it has caused weakness and disunion, disintegration of the castes themselves as shown by their multiplicity, and the greatest barrier to all political, social and religious reform that has ever existed in any nation. A Gibraltar indeed! A mysterious bond between the man and his soul! A chain forged by Satan, consequently broken only successfully by the Son of God who "came to destroy the works of the devil."

But to fully comprehend a theory, we must see it practised under its own environment. Then let us look at a few of the features of caste, as observed in our

own life. In the front room of our native home we are holding a meeting, and since we have only lately arrived in the village there is much curiosity aroused concerning us, especially since we are two lone women minus the sterner sex. A few low caste people have dared the reproach of the higher castes and straggled in. Watch them as they enter, dark skinned and unintelligent faces, for the most part; soiled clothing, the majority having a much begrimed white cloth wrapped around the upper part of the body, while the lower is enclothed in the characteristic dhoter.

See them enter, and, casting furtive glances around for fear they may defile a higher caste, finally sit in a squatting position on the matting. These are the Mahars, the next to the lowest caste in our vicinity, who must live on the outskirts of the village in settlements of their own. They may eat flesh and often indulge in the meat of animals who have died from any cause whatsoever.

We sing and pray while one or two of a more respectable caste enter and cautiously seat themselves, being very careful to hold their garments closely around them. The Mahars meanwhile withdrawing as far to the back of the room as possible.

In very broken Marathi, for we have only been in the country one year, we proceed to tell the story of Nicodemus. When lo! the doorway is darkened and a Brahman neighbor, followed by his guru or spiritual teacher, enters the room. All lower castes push toward

the back, while there is a general scrambling lest one should defile the other.

These very important personages seat themselves on the floor in front of us, while we again reiterate the fact that they "*must be born again.*"

Large pictures sent from some Sunday school at home are hung around the wall, depicting different scenes in the life of our Savior. These catch the guru's eye, and he immediately proceeds to ask his neighbor questions concerning them. We expostulate and ask their attention since they are distracting the others. "We hear what you are saying," he says. "for you have repeated it eight or nine times already." We try to repress a smile for we are aware that the criticism is only *too true*. For a lack of a larger vocabulary, we have been emphasizing the words of the text. "Ye must be born again," until they know it by heart. And no doubt this result, at least, is not to be discounted.

The meeting over, they arise to go. "We would come oftener," they say, "but you allow low caste to come here." "And what if we do?" "Why, they defile us." "And what of that? Cannot you take soap and water and bathe when you go home?" They smile at our ignorance. "Oh, no! Soap has grease in it from the animals and that would defile us all the more!"

It is our turn to smile and also to pity.

Plague is raging in Chickhli! Plague! Oh, merciful God, have pity! Like frightened beasts the people have run from the village, into the open fields

to live in grass huts. But alas! Some may not go, but are compelled by circumstances to remain in this village of death. They walk slowly through the town with long, drawn faces, darkened by fear; their sparse garments pulled more closely around their gaunt figures, even over their heads and mouths as if to protect them from the dread disease. They speak in doleful tones, for each knows that while walking in health now, he may be stiff in death before the evening sun has set.

Business is stopped; the market place is deserted, and the air dense with a horrible dread.

Night falls! A few buffaloes straggle in from the jungles, and are milked in a hopeless, despairing manner.

Darkness suddenly follows the beautiful after glow, that for a few minutes seemed to mock the lonely, almost deserted village. We look down the road, only yesterday alive with graceful women and girls in gay colored garments, and men with complacent faces. Now houses are dark, doors are fast barred, and not a living soul to be seen. A dim light shines from under one door, and we can hear low muffled voices, and know of the trembling forms huddled in a group upon the floor.

Night is terrible in plague! They wait and almost listen for a sound. Who knows but that he may knock upon their door tonight? And the husband looks at his little child-wife anxiously. What expense! what inconvenience it would cause! And then — now that

he may lose her—he finds that he does love her in a dumb, selfish manner. And she! Ah! her eyes are filled with a nameless horror at the thought of *his* being the one to go. Her lord, her master! Her only hope and salvation! Oh, the shame! The curse of the entire family upon her! No! no! her soul cries out in fierce rebellion at the thought. “Hey Deva! Sheva (the destroyer), Vishu (the preserver), have pity! Spare! I will give thee my life! I will offer the cocoanuts, money, rice, anything. Yes, thou shall have the little one to serve in thy temple! Anything, but spare him!”

A few half-starved dogs bark, while one sets up a dismal howl. With a heavy heart we turn from the dreary scene and, barring the door of our little house, take the lamp and climb the steep mud stairs to the small room above.

The dull, monotonous “tom, tom” of a few devotees is borne upon our ear, as they sit in the dim light of the temple, before the cruel goddess who is causing this awful calamity. Now and then a dull chanting is heard as they murmur prayers into ears which hear not, and demand answers from lips which answer not. Earnest, but deluded! “How shall they hear except they preach, and how can they preach except they be sent?”

Alone in a foreign land! Alene in a strange town! Alone with death’s grim form stalking around, indiscriminatingly claiming whom he would. Suppose he should knock at *our* door tonight? There would be no

kind hand to cool the fevered brow — no soft, loving voice to whisper the name of Jesus! Yes, an old Hindu woman in the yard, but none else.

But alone? No, not alone! “The form of the fourth” is with us! He, who has said, “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,” is by our side. Praise His dear name! His Spirit whispers words of comfort — “No plague shall come nigh thy dwelling.” “He will give His angels charge concerning thee.” “He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps.” And thus comforted, assured, “I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for Thou, Lord, maketh me to lie down in safety.”

Hark! What means that piercing agonizing cry borne upon the night air? We awaken with a start and listen. It is the voice of a woman; and again and again, it beats the air. Now joined by other voices, and then rising higher than all. Ah, the curse has fallen upon a woman. And in anguish of soul she throws herself upon the plague-stricken form in hopes of imparting some of her own, now unwelcome life, to the limp clay. Ah! woman, weep while you may for in a few short hours, ere daylight, they will hasten all that remains of this loved one to the river side, and there burn his body, scattering the ashes on the bosom of the god (river), with no hope of a future resurrection.

We groan in spirit. Ah! that we might but “comfort them with the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.”

Again and again through that awful night arises

the heart-rending wail; and husband, wife, mother, father, sister, brother, child, slip without a moment's warning into eternity. Ah, plague is a cruel monster!

On the next day, a woman comes from a neighboring town, and, feeling sick and dizzy, enters a vacated house. House shall we call it? Better say hut! Slung on her back is a baby of some months old. Wearily she unstraps her burden, and puts it to her breast; and thus she is found the next day — the plague stricken mother, the living baby.

No one pities her; no one gave a cup of cold water; no one snatches the babe away in horror. "What caste is she?" some one asks laconically, coldly. No one knows. No one cared. She may be a low caste and thereby defile. She may be a high caste and thereby be defiled. Leave her alone *to die with caste*. Let *caste* protect, comfort, save her! And let it shield and cherish the little one at her side. Who cares? Caste does not! In justice the English law steps in, and cares for the little one until an aged grandmother comes from a neighboring village.

Thus we may cite instance after instance illustrating the arrogance, the ridiculousness, the cruelty, the unjustness of caste. Indeed, it is a veritable Rock of Gibraltar! and who will break through this fortress? The English government is doing all in its power. Caste is not recognized in the courts or in political positions. Schools have been opened to the low caste, which heretofore were exclusive to the higher castes. Railroads have been instituted, where the high and low



INTERIOR OF TEMPLE AT CHICKHЛИ. LIGHT BEFORE IDOL;  
BELL TO AWAKEN HIM



must sit side by side for the same fare. And thus in many ways is caste in-roaded. Yet, the principle, the essence of the system still remains untouched, for it is born and bred in the *soul* itself. *Nothing*, but the *power of God*; *nobody*, but the *Son of God* who came to "destroy the works of the devil" can effectually tear this evil up, root and branch.

God is doing it! Indian Christians are suffering ostracism and persecution of the intensest kind because of abolishing caste. And this same God of the Ages is upbuilding them, elevating them, from their former ignoble positions, and causing them to be landmarks for His Glory.

Christianity is striking the death blow to caste, and it must give way before its omnipotence.

Already reform movements are afloat which disregard caste; societies which copy the effect of our great religion, without honoring the motive power. These must come to see their weakness, their insufficiency, and then will understand that *true freedom, real power* is in *Jesus Christ*, the Son of God.

God, hasten the hour! Christian, bring it nigh by your faith and prayer, and earnest Spirit-impelled works!



## CHAPTER VIII

### LIGHT VERSUS DARKNESS

A beautiful day! Yes, but they are all beautiful days in India, with the exception of those of the rainy season. During eight months of the year the sun rises amid a gorgeous splendor of red and gold, sails majestically through a sky of trackless blue, whose loveliness is sometimes enhanced by a few white, fleecy clouds, that disappear as mysteriously as they come, and after scattering bright, blinding sunshine all day long, suddenly he hides his face behind a curtain of crimson gold, with dashes of sky-blue or pale pink, salmon and purple. For a little while the earth is flooded with the bright light of an after-glow, then darkness leaps upon it and clasps it tight in its relentless embrace.

From time to time the moon, jealous of the usurping power of her rival, King Sol, shines forth in all the strength of her pure, cold beauty, casting shadows of lace-work here and there, bidding the darkness flee as she fills the earth with her mellow light. And when she is absent, her little servants, the stars, vie with one another over the task of illuminating the heavens; and with one accord they send forth their united light to brighten mother earth. In many instances, the evening star is so intensely large and bright

that it leaves a glittering, gleaming pathway behind it.

From so much sun splendor the earth is parched and dry, and opens its mouth in great panting seams. The flowers wither away, while the grass is scorched and dry.

Animals walk to and fro in fruitless search of a green morsel, while the panther and tiger tread majestically through the jungles and outstep its bounds looking for the now dried up springs.

But sunshine, bright, beautiful sunshine! Gorgeous, dazzling sunshine! Blinding, blasting and, to the European, deadly sunshine! Oh, for a rainy day when one may relax from this intenseness of light! When nerves, now strung to their highest pitch, may once more become normal.

Remember, thoughtless one, when you are grumbling over the rainy days sent in love from a Father's hand, India is fairly longing for that about which you are grumbling, and which, should God withhold, you would crave even as it does now.

So a beautiful day is no strange thing in India; their beauty becomes almost monotonous.

On this beautiful day in question, about four o'clock, four women could be seen leaving a low, pleasant looking bungalow, and wending their way in the direction of the native settlement. Two of these were white, and wore large sun-hats and European dress, while two were dark-skinned, and wore the native costume. They pass quickly down the narrow, dusty streets and around the corner.

At one side of the street is a water pipe with a faucet attached. Around this are a number of women and girls with their large water jugs, waiting for their turn at the little, thin stream of water. One young girl calls out with a pleased voice, "Salaam, Miss Sahib. When did you come?" And the missionaries, for such they proved to be, recognized one of a former sewing class; one who had earnestly listened to the story of Jesus, and had asked to be taken away. But alas! she was married, and of human help there was none for her. God pity India's poor, helpless child-wives!

They pass on around another corner, low, flat mud-houses on either side, many of them empty on account of the plague. A blacksmith shop is passed, where the men can be seen sitting upon the floor in Oriental fashion, mending carts, and other things, with their crude instruments. From a purdah curtain of bags near by, one woman peeps out. "May we come in and visit you?" the Bible women ask. "No," is the discourteous reply.

A little further on is quite a respectable little house, clean without and within. As they near it, they see a middle-aged woman sitting upon the floor. At one side of her is a flat dish in which are some green leaves, and a little pot of lime, and in her hand a small pestle, with which she is beating something in a brass mortar. The substance proves to be tobacco, and, after grinding it very fine, she puts it into her mouth and chews it. She is a fine looking woman, dressed in a drak red lugadi (woman's dress), with her

black hair oiled and neatly bound, and a bright red spot of paint in the center of the forehead, near the meeting of the eyebrows.

The missionaries long to accost her, but hardly dare. Finally, mustering up a little courage, they say, "Salaam, bai?" No answer but a blank stare. "What are you doing?" Blanker than before. A little more persistence, and amid expostulations of not understanding what they were saying, she finally, little by little, gives the following information.

She is a Brahman, her husband works at the Court House, and that she is childless. This last is a source of great sorrow. Afraid of her own boldness, she withdraws into herself again and, finally, thinking there is some hidden motive in all this, says, "Ladies, tell me what is your business here?" The Bible woman says, "We have come to tell you about God, will you listen?" "No, I do not understand your language and I will not listen." "May we sing?" a missionary ventures. "Why should you sing to me? I am a miserable, childless woman." Her voice breaks and she begins to cry. Poor woman!

It is not mere sentiment nor foolish pride which causes these tears. In the mind of the Hindus every married couple owe a debt to their ancestors, namely, that of producing a son. This son must perform the last rites and ceremonies over his deceased father, and by so doing he saves both parents from existences in that particular hell reserved for childless couples.

And to this is added the displeasure of an angry

husband, and the displacement of the first wife for one who may be more favored by the gods.

Having broken through the indifference, the missionary takes courage and tells of the compassionate Christ, who raised the widow's only son, and of His power to gladden the sad hearts of His followers. The woman listens eagerly, and upon being assured that this is their only motive in coming, she smiles and asks them to come again. Of course, they will come, but their hearts fear lest some kind (?) friend will warn the husband, and the next time they shall not be allowed even to sit in the doorway. Jesus grant otherwise!

The workers then pass on to other little houses as interesting as the one just mentioned, although some not so difficult to enter. One is that of a high-class Mohammedan, and the women are all in purdah. Assuring herself that neither of the two strange looking beings are men, the old woman in charge allows them to enter.

In the front of the house is a room where the lord and master of the small domain entertains his guests, and since he is not at home they are invited there. To their surprise, rugs are on the mud floor, and there are chairs for them to sit upon; the Mohammedan women sit upon the floor at their feet.

And now begins a garrulous conversation, the Mohammedan women being less reserved than the Hindus. Are they married? No. When are they intending to be? Don't know. How can this be? Why not? How

many garments have they? What did they pay for their topes? etc. And it is with great difficulty that they can intersperse a few thoughts of the Savior and His wonderful message of love and peace.

Poor, benighted women, with an intellect so cramped that it can comprehend scarcely anything outside of marriage, husband and children. Deep, spiritual truths find no lodgment, and simple truths no credence.

When they leave the village and return homeward, the evening sky is aglow with beauty. The trees on the horizon seem ablaze with a ruddy fire. The sweet song of the birds is hushed, and each is twittering softly to his mate in yonder trees.

The last harsh "caw" of the crows has died away in the distance to give place to the weird, ghostly call the hoot-owl.

A herd of buffaloes winds its way slowly and lazily along the road, followed by a little lad, whose shout to the indolent and indifferent creatures oft-times breaks the stillness.

Peace and quietness! Strife and unrest! Calm and assurance! Tumult and distrust!

The young moon overhead is waiting to step into the breach, which must soon be made by the disappearing twilight. Beauty and light. Sin, ignorance, darkness! A land revelling in Nature's loveliness! A land marred beyond recognition by idolatry! A land bathed in the light of heaven! A land steeped in the darkness of the Satanic kingdom!

Ah, God! Men and women begrudge them the "Light of the World." Across the waters they bask in the sunshine of Christian civilization, and in their deep satisfaction and self-gratification have almost forgotten the Son of Righteousness from whom it all has beamed.

But these have not forgotten; these have *never known.*

## CHAPTER IV

### A NEW GOD IN TOWN

“A new god in town!”

“Indeed, from where did he come?”

“The tin-smith’s.”

“Who made him?”

“She is a female and the tin-smith made her.”

“What! The tin-smith make a god! How can that be?”

“Why, he is a most wonderful man! He simply took some old kerosene tins and cut them out, and soldered the parts together until he had a woman’s form from the waist up.”

“Was that all he did to create a god?”

“No! Then he smeared paint over her and colored her so that there might be an appearance of life.”

“Then what?”

“Oh, then he sold it to some merchants for twenty-five Rupees — about eight dollars and twenty-five cents, in American money — but in real value in India of two or three times that much.”

“But is she a real goddess? Will the people worship her?”

“No, not quite yet. This man who bought her has probably taken her to the temple ere now, and had some ceremony performed over her — prayers, incan-

tations, and so forth. The presence of the goddess whom she represents is invoked, which presence is supposed to inhabit this tin frame, and now she is probably a full-fledged goddess. The people will fall at her feet and worship her. Then some time tonight there will be a torch-light procession, and she will be paraded all around the town."

"What a strange, strange manner to treat a god! What is her name?"

"Her name is Bhavani. The dictionary says Bhavani is the name of Parvati in her pacific form. The latter, I believe, was a consort of Shiva, the third of the Hindu triad — the destroyer."

"What a queer contradiction! And the people really believe these images to be gods and worship them?"

"Of course they do after the spiritual presence has been invoked."

"Oh, how I long to tell them of Jesus Christ, our pure, almighty Savior."

"Do you? But stop! Look around you! See how many cities and towns are without holiness churches! Surely they should be established before you preach Jesus Christ to this people! Why worry about the heathen? Let them go on a few more years making their tin and stone gods. A few more years will not matter. What if hundreds do die every hour! What if plague and cholera take them off so quickly, and the missionaries come so slowly that they never have an opportunity to accept Christ! Let them die!"

"Oh, do not talk so! Were not our Lord's last words, 'Go ye,' and did not Paul leave the poor little struggling churches of Judea and go?"

"Yes, but Paul lived in the apostolic days, you know, and we have moved out of those days. Now it is *stay!* Build schools, churches, anything, but don't waste time on missions, where one sees so little fruit and sinks so much money. Now confess, wouldn't it have been better if Paul had stayed in Jerusalem for ten, twenty years, until the church had been thoroughly established, and all the Jews saved and sanctified? And think of his taking others with him, too!"

"But how about the man from Macedonia, crying out in despair, 'Come over and help us'?"

"Oh, well, Paul could have plunged into so much work at home that he could have drowned that voice!"

"Yes, and the Spirit of God also!"

"My friend, you are too fanatical over missions! For pity's sake let the subject drop! While you are sitting here arguing, souls are dying in sin all around you."

"It is true, too true! But they are conscious sinners, who die with a knowledge of Jesus, the pure, immaculate, almighty Savior. They *would not* heed, but these — Did you see in your town yesterday the bier pass slowly by, and hear the broken-hearted sobs, and realize no one had told them of Jesus, the Resurrection and the Life? Have you seen in your town to-day women measuring themselves in the dust, paying



A GROUP OF BRAHMANS AT CHIKHLI



vows to the tin and stone gods? Did you see today, in one small party, four limp, lifeless goats brought from the temple, where they had been offered to a blood-thirsty god? No! you did not! But I did. Has anyone ever told you they did not know who Jesus was when you asked them? Has the name been so strange that you have to teach them to pronounce it? The story so new that it seemed incredulous? I rather think not! But I have had them tell me so."

"Well, perhaps it is all true, but we can't *all* go."

"Why, of course we can't! Neither does God want us to. Jesus did not stop to go Himself, but He sent. Are you sending? Are you praying?"

"But I think the missionaries who are out there now from our denomination are not amounting to anything."

"And I agree with you. But, whose fault is it? It is not enough to insure a man his bread and water on foreign fields, he must have money to use in the work. He must have the prayers and interest of God's own people. Why, in the town in which I live there are about fifteen families who have offered to come under our teachings, break caste, and let us prepare them for baptism. But — they must be supported. Now they are supported by Hindu charity, but let it be known that they have come over to us and they would not receive a mouthful; even their water supply would be cut off. You say, 'Let them work,' but, my dear friend, there is no work for them to do. They are not wanted

where there might be work. We must create it for them."

"But cannot the missionaries help some with their salaries? Surely they ought to sacrifice as well as we!"

"Do you know that after they pay rent and tithe, the misisonaries have left only a very few dollars per month to defray all expenses? Out of this they must feed and cloth themselves, furnish their homes, pay the *necessaries* of servants, Marathi master, books, stamps, and every thing else. Do you think there is much over to put in the work?"

"I should say not. But I heard that in India one dollar is equal to about three times its American value."

"That is true from a purely native standpoint. But Europeans cannot live in India on a purely native level, nor eat the coarse, native feed; and European servants, food, and other forms of living are more expensive than in America. But, praise God! He does enable them to do a little, but it is necessarily a very little. Therefore, I say, to make the work a success, we need money. But yes, we need more faith also. I think sometimes if we had more God-centered faith we would have more of the substance. 'Lord, increase our faith'!"

"Listen to that weird music! What is it? And the tom-tom, how they beat!"

"Open the window! Look! See this dense, motley crowd! Watch it as it surges toward the house! Look down on the sea of red turbans, white turbans, pink

turbans, yellow turbans! What a bright, picturesque mass it is!"

"Yes, but what is that in the middle? Some kind of a high structure with a small room on top in which sit three men, and a small place each side with artificial flowers to represent gardens. What can it all mean?"

"Yesterday was their yearly yatra here, you know, and this is one feature of it. Look now and you will see that structure go around and around and at either end two men are swinging in the air, suspended from their waists by ropes."

"My, how terrible if they should fall! Why do they do it?"

"Listen to the cry which that sea of voices raises every now and then and you will understand."

"But it is Marathi and unintelligible to me."

"True! Well, they are singing out with all their strength, 'Glory to Ama Bhavani.' She is one of the many goddesses, and they are doing this in her strength and in her honor."

"They are earnest in it?"

"Oh, yes! intensely so."

"Well, it does seem as if we ought to teach them a better way of honoring God, and who the true God is."

"Exactly! Just as I think! But it is late and I will bid you 'good night!' Come again some day and we will converse a little more on these subjects."

"Thank you! I will."

## CHAPTER X

### VACATION DAYS

In India we have three seasons, namely, the cold, hot, and rainy. The hot season lasts from the middle of February to the middle of June, when the rainy season begins. This lasts until the middle of October, when the cold season takes its place.

During the hot season the temperature runs high, and the fierce, hot winds shrivel and shrink all things material; even the body itself yields to their power. The earth is parched and dry; foliage and flower alike perish; wells are low; rivers dry up, and all nature pants for the refreshing rain so long withheld.

It is impossible to go out in the town until the sun is almost about to set. The fierce heat blasts one's face. Roads are hot and dusty, and everywhere there is that listless, languid air that is so characteristic of a tropical country.

This is the season when English officials and their wives, and missionaries, whenever possible, endeavor to run away to the hills for a breath of cool, refreshing air.

During the past year the work has been heavy, and on the fifteenth of April we decide to leave Chikhli on our way to a hill station. The heat had become intense by this time, and our little native house, with its

extremely apertured roof, was not conducive to good health, to say nothing of personal comfort. On account of a run-down, tired condition, life itself had almost become a burden, and the thought of taking a long, wearisome journey scarcely endurable. Needless to say, that our Father "tempered the wind to the shorn lamb," and this same journey was made lighter by His presence, and more pleasant by stopping at Buldana, Igatpuri and Wasind from a day to three days at a time while en route.

Upon reaching Mahableshwar, surely, "The toils of the road seemed nothing." We arrived at the station about twelve o'clock at night. By one o'clock luggage had been weighed, and we were seated in a rickety horse-tonga, preparatory to ascending the mountain.

It was a misty night, and the moon was struggling bravely to shed its pale light upon the path of us weary travelers. In the distance, a dark mountain loomed up before us; to the right, a high, flat mountain; in the center, a round, huge one; then one with a sharp-pointed effect, another flat topped, and so on. Upon inquiring, we found that the round mountain was to be our destination.

On we rolled, past towns and villages wrapped in the arms of slumber. At about every eight or ten miles they stopped to change the horses; and the process of awakening the boys and men in charge was most interesting and amusing. At every change we were supposed to give the boys a tip. Oh! I was so

sleepy and tired! It seemed next to impossible to keep my eyes open. Would have curled down in the seat and tried to sleep, but two men in the back were encroaching on my territory, having previously succumbed to nature's demands.

The driver beside me had unfortunately been indulging in strong drink, and made it most unpleasant by making himself into a round ball and sleeping nearly all the way, leaving the driving to a small boy, who was perched on the bundles and baggage which were causing my limbs much uneasiness. In riding in mail tongas, in India, we can heartily sympathize with the poor little dove, who "found no rest for the sole of her foot."

I will not weary you with the details of this fifty-mile tonga-ride, although you might have found it most interesting had you been able to keep awake. Finally, we reached the mountain proper, and went around and around its base, gradually ascending as we went; a fine, solid road with a high cliff on one side and a precipitous descent on the other. When we ascended the ghaut (mountain), or rather the steepest part of it, they put on two extra mules, while the little boy ran beside us whipping and encouraging them with hoots and screams.

About ten o'clock I reached my destination, to be welcomed by one of Mahableshwar's notable showers, when the heavens seem to open and pour their contents upon the earth.

Wish I could describe to you the beautiful moun-



GOVERNMENT ROAD BETWEEN BULDANA AND CHIKELI



tainous scenery — the quiet, peaceful valleys; the cool, balmy air sometimes almost crisp in its nature, and the lovely rides and walks for which this hill-station is noted. The bungalow where I boarded, in charge of a Presbyterian missionary, was built on a hill, on either side projected mountain-points, and the beautiful valley below reminded me of a verse I had learned while at school,—

"Upon a quiet valley,  
I gaze so broad and deep.  
From here my heart is joyous,  
And grief is lulled to sleep."

A river wended its way through the valley like a bright, silvery band, glistening in the sunshine; and at evening one could see the sun dip down into the water of the ocean far away.

And the cloud scenes which gather around these valleys and hills were simply grand. Surely, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." Sometimes the clouds were above us, sometimes they even came into the house, and sometimes they were far below us. After the dry barrenness of Chikhli, with all its unloveliness, my soul reveled in this beauty and grandeur, and praised God not only for this privilege, but also the soul and mental rest enjoyed, combined with the society of some of God's own children.

At one time a storm threatened. To our right the clouds hung low and dark. The birds called loudly to their mates, fearful for the safety of the little ones

in the nests at home. They scurried here and there in loving, parental anxiety, and finally settled down to brood over their young. The air was now still — still and heavy with the expectancy of the coming storm.

The mountains on either side had abandoned their green coat of the morning, and now were garbed in a dark, blue-grey garment in harmony with the present sullen mood of Mother Nature.

Behind them still roll the clouds — now parting to enclasp them — now entirely enshrouding them.

A loud clap of thunder, a bright flash of lightning! One wee straggler bird dashes by with a shrill, startled cry of fear. Ah! foolish one! Did the worm look so enticing that you tarried too long?

The valley below us is filled with clouds. As we stand on the veranda and gaze at the fury of the storm, the clouds come nearer and nearer, and then envelop us. We are conscious of an earthy, steamy odor, a moisture around us, and then see them pass on into the house.

Another time it is a moonlight night. We could scarcely sleep for the beauty of it all. Peaceful, calm, holy beauty! Indeed the earth was "dressed like a bride in her silvery veil."

The valley was flooded with light, while the clouds were all dispelled by the glorious brightness and power of the moon. A few night birds were sounding their sad melodies.

Wearied, at last we slept, only to awaken after a few short hours to again look out of the window.

The bright light of the moon was as clear as ever, but her strength was waning a little. Far below in the valley nestled a few fleecy clouds. Whence had they come? And what right had they there?

And yet they were not at variance with the beautiful scene. It looked as if Mother Nature had thrown a white, fleecy shawl over the shoulders of some of her more fragile children, to protect them from the cold and dampness of the chill, night air.

We slept again; and again awakened. It was early morning! The moon was retreating modestly, while the rays of the rising sun filled the eastern sky, each ray resplendent with glorious colors. A gorgeous morning robe! Who could depict it?

The clouds were slowly rising from the valley beneath, at the bidding of the sun, and soon were entirely lost to sight, dispersed by his power.

Beautiful lessons to be learned? Yes, marvelous lessons of trust!

Sometimes the clouds of sorrow gather. We cannot see the face of the Son. The thunders of fierce temptation, and the lightnings of severe trial rage around us. Has God forgotten us? Is He angry with us? We stand still! The on-coming clouds envelope us—we know of their *very nature*.

Then they pass on. The face of the Son is brighter; His smile more tender as it falls upon us standing there in wonderment, and we know it was only a display of His power. Only a test to our soul!

Sometimes we live above the clouds. Glory and

sunshine all about us, while we are on the mountain top with Christ. Temptations and trials await us in the valley, but we *must go down!* We cannot always remain here. There is a demon to be cast out. A soul that needs the help which we can bring direct from His presence on the mountain top!

We left Mahableshwar the thirtieth of May, to find the heat on the plains intense; and having just come from such a cool place, its effects were wilting. Visitors were obliged to leave early, as the rainfall is very heavy there, being four hundred inches.

The houses have to be covered in thick layers of straw to protect them, and no European can live there during the rains. A few natives manage to, somehow. Mahableshwar is almost five thousand feet above the level of the sea.

After the hot season comes the rainy, when for four months the rain refreshes the earth. Nay, more, we may say deluges the earth. What a rejoicing when is heard the glad sound, "Rain has broken at Colombo." And then Berar awaits with abated breath the gathering of the clouds, the great thunder showers which open the heavens, closed for eight long months, with exception of a shower or two in January or February, known as the "mango shower."

The grass sends its tender shoots afresh, and ere long is thick and velvety. Flowers appear, the air is moist, and with a sigh of relief one relaxes from the awful strain of the four preceding months.

Bread moulds quickly, shoes and Bibles overnight;

and oftentimes the days are dark and dank; chills and fevers stalk abroad, plague and cholera are prevalent, and yet the rains are thrice welcome.

Upon them — the time and regularity in which they come — depend the crops for the year. The great giant famine watches their movements with eager eyes. If they are on time, if they are attended by regular intervals, allowing occasional sunshine on the tender crops; if they are plentiful, then he withdraws, and gnashes his teeth in rage. But if not, then he laughs and gleefully stalks forth, brandishing his sword while the thousands of innocent victims fall beneath it.

David must have experienced some such famine of water; for he used the figure so graphically in a spiritual application, when he cried out, “As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is.”

Berar is such a dry, barren place that it has been a neglected field. This, no doubt, you have heard before. Last evening we were talking with the inspectress of the Girls’ Schools, and in the course of conversation, she said she had noticed all through Berar a feeling of fear of the missionaries. She said, “It is not only a religious feeling, but also anti-British.” She calls it “fear,” and we call it “prejudice.” “In other places,” she remarked, “they have faith in the missionaries, but not in the province of Berar.”

Now, this does not reflect on our missionaries, as

there are now several denominations occupying Berar; but we know that a relative degree of labor has not been expended here. It is, consequently, far behind many other portions of India. All the more reason why we should battle against these great odds, in the hope of seeing the prejudice and fear give way as it has done in other places.

A real Holy Ghost-filled medical missionary could help us much in this work. One who would keep her profession in the background as much as possible, and use it *only* for the salvation of souls indirectly. The houses of the high castes are completely closed against us, but they are open to a woman medical missionary. God is answering prayer in this matter, and we trust Him to lay it upon the hearts of others. May God help all whom He has really called not to be "disobedient to the heavenly vision!" You will find it safer not to "confer with flesh and blood," but to step out and trust God. That is the safest, most successful way for you.

Brighter than the sunshine  
After a cloudy day,  
Fresher than the green grass  
Scattered o'er our way.  
Sweeter than the perfume  
Of the roses rare,  
Or melodious music  
Borne upon the air.

Truer than the mother  
In whose arms we lay,  
Closer than the brother  
In our childhood's day.

More pitiful than father,  
Stronger, too, than he,  
More tender than the lover  
Who fain would dearer be.

Higher than the heavens,  
Deeper than the sea.  
Broader than earth's boundary,  
Is His love to me.  
No! I cannot tell it!  
Speech is light and vain;  
Unspeakably precious  
He ever will remain.

## CHAPTER XI

### TOURING

During the two seasons just previously mentioned, touring and its entailed living in tents, is impossible. But the cold season is beautifully adapted for such work. And it is then the missionaries lay everything aside and devote as much of the four months as possible to it.

The rains are over, and not now to be dreaded. The heat is not so intense but that we can live in tents under the shade of trees, and night and morning the air is cold and invigorating. Heavy with mist, we shall have to admit, that comes down to water the second growth of wheat, which is entirely dependent upon these nightly dews, which in turn are the result of a previously good rainy season.

After several days of patching an old tent, which we had borrowed, and of baking bread and cake, we left our dear mother-missionary in charge of the work at Buldana, while we started out on our touring expedition.

The roads over which we traveled are rather to be experienced than described! I am sure none of you, and especially those of you who live in the city, can imagine them! "The rocky road to Dublin" is nothing compared to them. Bumpty thump, and thumpty

dump! Yes, we should have been dumped out without any ceremony, if we had not held on with all our might and main! Over mountains, through rivers, among fields, along such roads as nature had made, assisted by native cart wheels. Heads ached, bones ached, stomachs were upset, and yet, we counted it all joy for the privilege of being a co-laborer with Him! Do not think from this that there are no good roads in our section of the country. Connecting the larger towns there are good Government roads; and once on this trip, after the bullocks had broken their collars two or three times, and we all had to alight and help push the tonga over a large boulder — the tonga therefrom having become slightly disabled — when finally, we came out upon such a level, sound road, we thanked God for the English Government in India!

As we pitched our tents under large, beautiful spreading trees, whose shade we used for dining room and parlor, because of the smallness of our tents, it was quite easy to understand why Abraham told the angels to "rest themselves under the tree," and did not say, "Come into the tent." When we had visitors from the village we would do the same. The difference being that Abraham most probably sat on the ground with his guests, while we sat on chairs and offered them the ground. Please do not let this seeming rudeness shock your ideas of Western courtesy; for, let me assure you, had we done otherwise they would have held up their hands in horror! The more ignorant would not have known how to use the chairs, and

would have been afraid of falling off, while the more intelligent might have feared defilement. When Brahmins and other castes have occasion to freely mingle with Europeans, this is not the case; and you will often find chairs in their homes.

There might have been another reason why Abraham did not take them into the tent. When the angels asked, "Where is Sarah thy wife?" he answered, "In my tent." Most naturally! Where else would a good, modest, Eastern woman be at the approach of two strange men? And what upright, respectable, Eastern husband would think of intruding upon her modesty and privacy by subjecting her to the gaze of these strangers?

We are often struck with the difference on this line. In Christian countries, most true husbands will call their wives out, and with pardonable pride introduce them to their guests; and it would be considered most discourteous did they not put in an appearance at some point of the visit. While here it is just the opposite — the wives must slink away out of sight as soon as their husbands bring a friend home. They must be within calling distance, and if needed must come with downcast eyes and averted face to fulfill their "lord and master's command." No notice whatever is taken of them. When one comes to know the low grade of morals, the non-discipline of self and its passions, the abandonment of all which might be considered binding and sacred, to the pleasure of the



OUR CAMP AT SARONE



present moment which prevails in this country, we cannot but see such restraints are necessary.

Our Christian workers' wives, yea, the men themselves, have to be protected from themselves, as much as some of our imprudent, thoughtless children at home.

As we sat in front of the tent and watched Grace bai, just a little distance from us, making chappatties, again we thought of Sarah.

A little fireplace was made of stones and some sticks of wood kindled under it. On this was placed a round, concave, iron plate. While it was heating, Grace bai took fine Jewari flour, moistened it, kneaded it, made it into round, flat cakes between the palms of her two hands (an act which, thus far, has surpassed the skill of the missionaries), and put it on the heated plate to bake. Thus, when Abraham told Sarah to "make ready three measures of fine meal, knead it and make cakes upon the hearth," it was no great matter. She had no yeast nor leaven to prepare; and these cakes, when properly baked and eaten hot, are really quite palatable, although there is neither sugar nor salt nor shortening of any kind in them.

As the cool, refreshing wind of the morning would either cease or become hot and disagreeable, we, like Abraham, would retreat within "the tent door in the heat of the day;" and, personally, we looked for the angel. We did not want to overlook his message; nor like Sarah laugh in unbelief; but like Abraham "believe God" that it might be accounted unto us for

righteousness. Praise God, he came! His messages of promise brought strength and comfort to our hearts, and we went forth from the tents conquering and to conquer.

We encountered some very interesting, amusing and sad incidents. It seemed as if every little, grey-walled village added its contribution to the store of experiences and interest which we were collecting.

At one village a high class purdah woman allowed us to take her picture, with that of a younger sister. When next one of our party called there, she besought them with tears and intreaties to destroy the picture. She had unthinkingly consented in her husband's absence, and then awakened to her crime. "Oh," she said, "I have had no rest nor sleep since! My husband will be very angry! He will beat me! He will send me away disgraced forever, because my face will be made public and men will look upon it!" Poor little woman! How she fared, we know not! We left her with God, and an angry husband, no doubt, if he ever learned the truth.

At another village they gave us two stones, which are worshipped as goddesses when one is attacked by smallpox. They are a peculiar formation, somewhat resembling smallpox in appearance. The next day the headmen of that village walked four miles to our camp and back, and begged us to give them back. Said they had had no sleep. The goddess would be angry and visit their village with disease, etc. After a little fun at their expense, the gods were restored; whereupon

they carefully wrapped them in a cloth and started off with them on their heads. They laughed with us at the suggestion that if they were gods, they should walk home. Poor, ignorant, superstitious people!

At another village we refused to eat some cocoanut which was being offered to dead relatives, who had in reality been deified. In the afternoon one of the women asked us the "why and wherefore," and said, "The gods will be angry, and will catch you and punish you." We told her, we did not fear her "gods," but the one True God.

It was really marvelous, the manner in which the women opened their hearts and homes to us! In one village, after we had told about sixty women the story of Jesus to the best of our ability, and they had asked questions concerning it, as we were about to go, one good looking, high-caste woman with a baby on her hip, invited us to take a little lunch. We consented and she led the way to her house. They seated us on a rough blanket on the floor of the little yard, and one woman took some clean water in a brass vessel and sprinkled it over the women there, and then, rather dubiously over us. I asked why this was, and found it was their manner of purifying us, because we had come in contact with lower castes. I am sure we would be willing to stand being sprinkled with pure water if it would admit us into their society for Christ's sake. But some think we are beyond even the effects of pure water. Again was I reminded of God's word, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you and ye shall be clean;

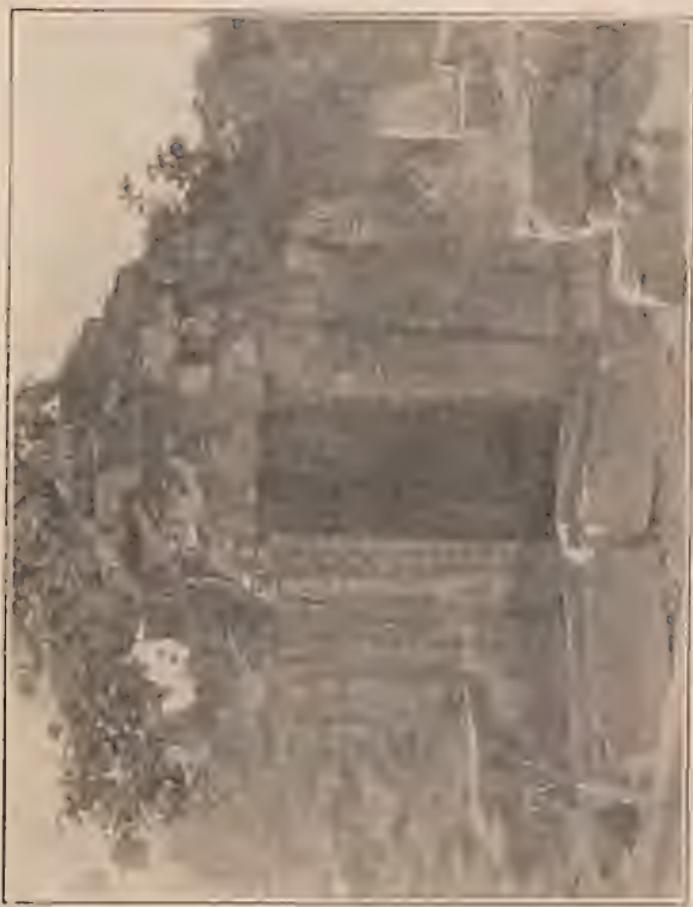
from all your filthiness, and from all your idols. will I cleanse you." Praise God for a Spirit cleanliness!

Finally, they brought us a brass vessel of hot, boiled milk, and a flat brass dish of gorl, a native, brown sugar, that comes in large, moist lumps. They also brought us drinking cups of brass, bright and glistening, having been scrubbed with sand. We felt we must drink all there was in the vessel, for the remainder would be defiled and of no use to them. But it was not an easy matter, especially with from fifteen to twenty pair of bright, black eyes watching us. Neither our hostess nor the other women ate with us, of course.

At another place some woman who had invited us twice to come and talk to them, when learning that we were about to leave the next day, begged us to come for a little while and chew pans porri with them. They felt very badly when they learned we did not chew pans porri, no, not even gum!

Pans porri is a combination of the betul and other aromatic nuts, lime and sometimes tobacco, wrapped in a green leaf of a special tree. Their asking us thus was equivalent to our invitation to afternoon tea with one another.

We shall not readily forget our first experience in trying to please the woman in this way. After many persuasions, we were prevailed upon to try just a little bit. So they ground a small leaf and, omitting the tobacco, rolled within it a portion of the nut and a little lime. We slowly chewed as we were directed, trying



A TEMPLE OF THE MAHADER (GREAT GOD)



hard not to make a grimace, much to the amusement of the women sitting on the floor beside us. Finally, the feat accomplished, we arose to go.

Had scarcely gotten out of doors before headache and nausea asserted themselves, and it was with the most unpleasant feelings that we staggered home in the hot noonday sun, sadder, but wiser, for our experience, determined to risk the woman's displeasure in the future rather than suffer such unpleasant after effects.

As we walked across the hills early one morning, we came across a small temple hidden in the side of a steep embankment. It was old and dilapidated, but the carving was most beautiful. This had been done on the stone afforded by the hill; the floor of the temple being several feet below the level of the ground. The accompanying picture shows this very temple; but it hides the obscenity of the idols found there on the darkened floor. And worshiped as gods! May the Almighty help the followers! Yet we hear some say, "Their religion is beautiful. Let them alone to follow it! They will get to heaven, if by a different road!" God pity you who blind yourself with such a belief!

We visited the brow of a hill where recently a yatra had been held. The ground was black with the blood of the five hundred innocent goats slain as an offering to the two great saints buried there. Are you not glad that the "Son of God offered Himself once for all?" I am! Bless His precious name!

In writing, we try to tell you the pleasant, interesting things. We dare not uncover some of the dark,

foul places to you. Should we do so, you would start back in horror, as we did when they took us to see a little boy of about twelve. He had fallen on a stone some two or three months ago and crushed his leg. It was in a horrible condition! Bandaged in bits of filthy rags, eaten to the bone in some places, suppuration and oedematous in others. He seemed to be a bright, good looking little fellow. We had them uncover the leg, and oh! what a sight! What an offensive odor! We knew we were helpless; it needed amputation at once, or the most skillful treatment. There was a sore on the face and hip indicating that the poison was working through the system, and in a little while those bright eyes and that little, interesting face would be laid away under the soil.

The pity of it touched our hearts, but we had no skill. We knew of One who went about "Healing all manner of diseases," and if He were here - the *why* and the *why not* we leave with Him.

The physical condition of this people appeals to us strongly, but their spiritual condition is tenfold worse; and we know of One who "Is not willing that any shall perish!" But His children have a part to do. "When Zion travails she shall bring forth." This is as true in India as America.

May God keep us on the watch-tower of prevailing prayer, that these lives may not be required at our hands!

Today, on our homeward journey, you will find us about six miles from Buldana, near a small village

by the name of Hatardi. Three large tents and a small one are pitched under a large and beautiful banyan tree. This tree is seventy-five feet around, and majestically high in proportion. As one looks up through its high and lofty branches, it is as though one were gazing up into arches of some grand cathedral, with just here and there a glimpse of blue, as if some artist's brush had left it there almost accidentally, but most harmoniously. Just how many years old this tree is, it is hard to decide, as the shoots have grown down, twining around each other, and around the original trunk until it is lost entirely to view and originality.

Walk under its shady branches and you will find, in one of its picturesque cliffs, a gruesome looking stone about two feet high with a pointed top: over this and other surrounding smaller stones, red paint has been daubed. From this you realize that you are in the presence of a goddess, whose name is Bhovanee, or Kali, the cruel monster — who used to be satisfied with nothing less than human sacrifice, and whose altar in Calcutta now flows with the blood of innocent animals, — but blood she must have! Since the Government has denied human, she has to be satisfied with animal sacrifice.

In the tops of these banyan trees evil spirits are supposed to dwell. More especially the spirits of those men and boys who have died after the sacred-thread ceremony has taken place (which usually occurs between five and twelve years of age), and before their

marriage. Therefore, there is usually great haste in marrying boys after this ceremony has been performed. These evil spirits are called Munja, and are most dreaded by women and girls, especially between the hours of twelve and two in the day, and from twelve to three during the night, and under special conditions. One of these conditions may be mentioned — that of a woman or girl who has washed her hair and left it unbound to dry.

One little girl in this condition was told not to go near the banyan tree, but in playing she forgot her mother's injunctions and ran under the tree. When she returned home, and her mother learned what she had done, she became alarmed, and scolded the child for doing so. That night the child was taken with high fever, and in a little while smallpox developed. Of course, it was because she had run under the banyan tree! At least her mother and neighbors said, "A munja had possessed her!" In such a case they would make an offering to the cruel goddess under the tree, an offering of eggs, a rooster, saffron, salt, hair, etc. Oh, the dense, dark superstition of these dear people! Who can deliver them? None, but One.

The night that we pitched our tents here, the tree was infested with monkeys, and all night long we were conscious of their presence. In the early morning they began to spring from branch to branch, and with one accord give a deep, war-like whoop which was enough to inspire fear. We were out in time to see about thirty spring from the lowest branches to the



BANYAN TREE, 75 FEET IN CIRCUMFERENCE—HOLES IN DARK RECESSES



ground and hurry away in search of food. And we rejoiced to say they did not come back at night, but moved their quarters to another tree in the near vicinity. They are very large and quite nice looking for monkeys, a pretty light grey, with black faces. It was quite a show to watch them spring from branch to branch, and finally leap upon the ground with such agility. We would have liked to have caught one of the little fellows who clung so tightly to his mother's bosom, but we dared not; and, anyway, it was a case of "sour grapes," for we could not.

All day long the songs of different birds inhabiting this tree fills the air; and the chatter of parrots, crows, kites, and other birds, make a nerve-rasping medley when one desires to be quiet and rest.

At night the crickets, night-birds, and dogs vie with each other in singing us lullabys. Alas! they often prove to be "wake-a-bys!" Well do we remember the first night, which we spent in the tent on this touring expedition. We ate our supper, thanks to Mrs. Perry, who had been helping to make up our larder for a couple of days previously—and then, making up the rough and ready beds which we had brought along in the carts, we prepared to retire for the night! But, alas for the one who had never slept in a tent before! Morpheus could not be coaxed nor courted to her eyelids! A man lay outside keeping a fire to ward off any wild animals that might be around; also to protect himself from the cold, damp night air. The fire crackled and the man snored; the

jackals howled; the dogs barked; and the hyenas yelled. The leaves rustled as if by mysterious footsteps, the whole air seemed saturated with malignant spirits; and—horror of all horrors! A wild animal is lifting the cloth of the tent and slowly, cautiously entering! To act or scream, which? The first is decided to be the wiser, and the stick near at hand is brandished and thumped upon the ground, with muffled shouts of “hut” (which means “get out”). The terrified occupant found courage to spring out of bed just in time to witness the black form of a half-starved village dog, hoping to find his supper in our tent! It would have been more humane to have given him a bone than a stick!

And thus the first long, weary night passed in all kinds of horrors, mostly immaginary, however, with the exception of the evil spirits of the air, which we have had to pray away more than one night while living all alone in the village of Chikhli. But “He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps.” Bless His dear name! The novelty having worn off and Morpheus having deigned to come, we “both lay us down in peace and slept” the remaining nights.

We rejoice to tell you that the God of battles is with us. Nay, more, has gone before us and prepared the way. He is certainly answering prayer, and opening the hearts of the people.

We would be willing to lose almost everything except our Christian heritage, to be able to forget race, color and other distinctions, and meet these precious

people on a common footing. The chasm is so great but we must span it in Christ! And with His help we can!

Many of the high caste homes have been opened to us on this trip, and we glorify God and take courage.

Keep praying for India, beloved! Remember the All-pitying eyes of God see both lands at one time. America is not "home" and India "foreign" in His sight. They are all His sheep. Some are farther lost on the mountain than others, to be sure, but think you not He loves them the more?

May God bless and reward you for every particle of interest you take in us, and these benighted people here! When "they come up from the east and the west, you will not regret having prayed and given and sacrificed for them!"

Pray more earnestly and live nearer to God that He may answer!

#### ALONE IN THE DARK

Alone in the dark—  
Stands a small shrinking figure;  
A child of ten summers, perchance,  
With dumb pleading eyes,  
Like a fawn in surprise,  
Hopeless — retreat or advance.

Beyond in the light—  
A dull, flickering light—  
The corpse of her husband and lord;  
While shrieks, moans and wails  
Before which she quails,  
Upon the night air are poured.

Beyond in the light—  
Hopeless sorrow depicted.  
Kind Providence shut out the sight!  
A breeze from His hand  
Spreads over the land,  
And darkness—gone out is the light!

Alone in the dark—  
Hear the dry sob of sorrow!  
Wrung from this maiden so fair;  
While the future so grim,  
On account of her sin,  
Forces her lips into prayer.

Alone in the dark—  
Unprotected, unloved.  
Men's pastime, woman's slave hence to be;  
No soul and no Savior,  
From sin to protect her;  
Great God! Is this equity?

Alone in the dark—  
Let us leave her to sorrow!  
Who cares for this child of the East?  
Not your child, nor mine;  
Oh, Savior Divine,  
Of Thy little ones the least!

## CHAPTER XII

### THE CHILD-WIDOW

It is evening in Buldana. The sun has recently sunk in a halo of glory, dazzling the eyes as it bathed the earth and sky in its beautiful afterglow. The gorgeous pink, gold and purple have slowly faded away until only a faint rose blush is seen on the cheek of the West, paled by the grey mist of the descending evening. A strange, sweet silence fills the air as mother earth draws her curtain of night more closely around her. The mother birds have hushed their nestlings with sweet lullabys. A restless crow is heard now and then, while owls and bats leave their homes on the trees and are scurrying here and there for their prey.

And now the stars appear one by one; the evening star so large and brilliant as to shed a pathway of light across the darkened earth, and now another and another until the dense, quick darkness, so characteristic of those eastern lands, has been dispelled, and given place to a soft, mellow starlight.

By the aid of this light the medical missionary and myself enter the tonga and are driven down through the town, past the English residence into what is known as the old town. As we drive along, the soft evening breezes fan our brows, and refresh us from

the intense heat of the day. All is peaceful and calm. Not a presage of the coming storm.

Leaving the tonga at the side of the road, we ascend a small rising upon which several little mud huts with straw roofs are situated. As we near one of these we hear screams and cries of women. With bated breath we listen, then we whisper, "He is dead," and shrink back, but finally our companion says, "Come, let us go in." Stepping quickly forward, we bend our heads under the small doorway, pass through a low, narrow room in which the cooking is done, and water is kept; then stop at the doorway of the one real room of the so-called house.

Oh, the horrors of the picture which meets our sight!

In this low, long room, with its bare, mud floor, rough, dark, mud walls and straw covered roof, sit a number of people. Just opposite where we are standing, the corpse of a man about thirty-five years of age is propped in a sitting posture against the wall, and the women of the household are sitting near in a frenzy of grief. They beat their breasts until they resound through the room; they pull their hair; they strike their foreheads upon the floor while they utter the most heart-rending shrieks.

They take his hands in theirs; put their mouths to his, and fairly scream down his throat, "Why did you leave us? Didn't we cook your food well? Didn't we take good care of you? Weren't we a good sister? a good mother? Oh, why did you go?" And the black,

mute, now slowly stiffening corpse utters not a word, while his face, glaring at us from the opposite wall, bespeaks the soul at enmity with its Maker, a soul made dark and unlovely by sin, not having lived up to the light which it had received even in India.

Over this weird, ghastly scene, a little tin lamp filled with cocoanut oil, in which was twisted a small cotton string for a wick, throws a faint, flickering, smoky light. Silence is procured for a few minutes while the elderly gray-haired father pours out his heart's complaint. "You have done what you could," he cried, "but it was too late. The priest came and told me to water the tulsi tree (sacred); to worship the gods; to sacrifice cocoanut. I did whatever he told me. I gave him two annas a day (equivalent to half a day's wages to such people: that is, the lower classes or coolies), and today I gave him four annas. He promised me my son should become well. And now it is all of no use. I would have brought him to you before, but they would not let me. They said that you would make us all Christians. There is no god but your God. I will have no faith in any other. I will come upon your compound and sit there; yes, I will sit there," he reiterated in his great sorrow. Thus he moans out his loss, the injustice on the part of the priest; his lack of faith in his own religion, ever and anon beating his breast and forehead, whenever the truth forces itself freshly upon him.

I feel an impatience arising in my heart. "Oh, why don't you try to comfort them?" I think. *Com-*

*fort*: the word rolls through the dim, dismal air, and re-echoes with a hollow clash upon the horrible groans and shrieks of the frenzied loved ones—"Comfort!" "Comfort!" "Comfort!"

As we continue to stand there a little figure comes stealthily in, and, drawing her saree closely around her, stands in an attitude of fear and confusion behind us. "Who is that?" we whisper. And they answer in an indifferent, hard tone, "His wife."

You little one are the cause of all this sorrow? You now are reaping the punishment of sins committed in some other existence of which you have no knowledge? Your crime? Oh, no! It cannot be!

In great pity and love I stoop down and smooth the cheek of the little child-wife, who is sobbing bitterly, but more from fright than grief, for she is too young to understand the depths of sorrow and shame to which she will soon be subjected.

In a very short time, and she will be stripped of her jewels—so dear to the heart of every Hindu woman—her hair will be shorn, and she will only be allowed one meal a day; the slave and burden-bearer of the entire family. While others sleep, she must arise in the early hours and grind wheat and other grain for the daily food. She must carry the heavy jars of water from the well. She must be cursed if her shadow dare to fall upon man, woman or child. And if her's is the face upon which they gaze the first thing in the morning they will attribute to her

the bad luck of the rest of the day. Poor, little child-widow!

The women return to their grief, and, amid the hideous shrieks and wails, a gust of wind comes in through the outside door, a brighter flash than before, revealing the scene in all its horrible details, and the *light goes out*, dense darkness in mercy covers it all and with a bursting heart we leave them in the darkness with their dead, while we grope our way to the door, out into the beautiful starlight and home.

Yes, we leave them alone in the dark! But their voices ring in our ears, those faces are painted upon the memory walls of our minds! They sorrow as those who have no hope—no hope!

No hope of seeing that loved son again! No hope of being united in family ties ever! A bird, a serpent, a man, who knows what his next form may be?

Sometimes if we who are born in a Christian land are not certain, we *hope*, and say, "Perchance God heard! Perchance he, like the thief on the cross, was forgiven at the last moment!" But they have *no hope! No hope!*

But what of the little maid left standing alone in the dark hall? We wonder if she is shivering there yet. But no, experience teaches us that rough hands took hold of her, and rough voices demanded all that was beautiful about her, even to her knot of shining black hair, which was her "crown of glory." And would we could think that her beautiful hair was all that they had robbed her of, but again experience

tells us that her fate is the common fate of all in that dark land of unprotected widowhood! And our hearts bleed not for her alone, but for the 26,000,000 of widows in India's fair land today!

And this little maid represents the 115,285 child-widows under ten years of age, not to mention her younger sisters, viz.: 19,187 under five, and 1,064 under one year.

Methinks the heart of Christ must be pierced with the wail, the long-continued moan of this army of children, as it arises in grief and protest from India's land!

Methinks He turns in questioning, asking eyes to you and to me, as His Spirit reasons with our hearts. "I *died*, can you not *live* for them? On the cross I finished the plan, can you not carry it out? Mine the *power*—can you not furnish the *channel*? My heart overflows with love to each, will you not demonstrate it to them? They are my little lost lambs, but I am depending upon you to rescue them. The house-corner may be warm and pleasant, the mountain cold and bleak, but *they are mine*, and *thou art mine*; will you not go? Will you not send? Will you not pray?"

Mother, you careless and indifferent one to the other lost lambs, suppose Christ had not been preached in England, in America! Suppose it were your little one, whom I had left standing alone in the dark, with fear tugging at her heart, and with wild, distended eyes. Suppose the tables were turned, and it were your little one whom they had robbed, would you be

so careless, would you be so indifferent? Would you scorn the one who hurries out to try and save that child in the dark? Would you forget the envelope which helps to send her out? Would you forget to pray for her ere you went to your soft, downy bed at night? No, oh, no! "Inasmuch as ye do it to the least of these my little ones, ye do it unto me." Are they not Christ's little ones? Then let us "do it unto" them!

## CHAPTER XIII

### HINDU FEASTS — MAHORAM

During the past month India has been passing through a series of feasts, and Chikhli has by no means escaped its share.

The first thing to take place was a Mohammedan feast, lasting from ten to fifteen days, called the Mahoram.

Previous to its celebration, the Mohammedans fast for forty days. At eleven o'clock one night we were entering Chikhli on our way to see one of our Christian boys, who had sent word that he had been attacked by the plague.

In the center of the village we were astonished to see a large number of men, around a huge fire. Sticks were set up, and two slayed goats were hanging upon them. Two of the company were cutting it in pieces and distributing it among the others. Their *fast* had begun! In other words, they fast days and eat two meals during the night. One after sunset and one before sunrise.

It was a sorry feast this year, for plague held the fortress. We slept on a table that night in one of the little tin houses set up by the government in a plague camp. At about half-past three in the morning, we



MOHAMMEDAN TABOOT (TOMB) USED DURING THE  
MAIORAM



heard a man going through the village, and singing in a rich but monotonous voice. He was awakening the people to their prayers and meal before the sun arose.

It is very difficult to ascertain the real facts in commemoration of which these feasts are held, for they are so bound up in myths, and have been added to as they passed from mouth to mouth, or from generation to generation. But doubtless, like the story of Helen of Troy, and other ancient legends, they have some historical fact back of them, at least in most cases.

The story in relation to this first feast is that there were two brothers, by the name of Husian and Hasian. These brothers, from some cause, fought in battle. Some say that they desired a girl in marriage whose father was unwilling; while others give different reasons. During the battle which followed, both brothers were killed.

This has caused two factions, the adherents of the two brothers. One is called the "Laughing" (or victorious) Mohammedans; the other the "Weeping" (or defeated).

Usually there is great bitterness between the two parties, and often in Bombay there is a regular riot, which the Government has to quell or prevent, if possible.

The Mohammedans celebrate this feast partly by parading through the streets all night long, carrying lighted torches, drums, musical instruments, and colored paper designs of the tombs of these two brothers.

Some of these last mentioned were quite pretty and artistic. There were also men and boys dressed in fantastic costumes and acting. For several nights we were kept awake with the incessant beating of tom-toms, or awakened as they passed the house several times during the night. During these days we were unable to hold meetings out in the streets as is our custom, but confined ourselves to the house. Nevertheless, Father sent a few earnest ones to listen to His truth.

On Sunday evening they went through the streets crying out, "Dhula," which means sorrow or woe. Then proceeded to the river, where they threw the designed tombs into the water. After praying, they were supposed to return home weeping for the slain brothers.

Doubtless there is a more religious feature to this feast, such as worship in the temple, and so forth, of which we know little.

Tuesday night the last parade took place, and on Wednesday, at sundown, a Hindu feast began, which is called the "Holi." Thursday was full moon, and all of their feasts are governed by the moon.

The story relative to this feast we have read in Marathi, but may not translate it as it is. Sufficient to say, the gods at one time were being overcome by a certain giant. They devised a plan for defeating him, in which Shiva, one of the triad, was to be the indirect means. But as he was in no mood to carry out this plan, another god, the Hindu Cupid, and his



MONKEY-GOD TEMPLE, TWO MILES FROM CHIKHILI



wife, devised means by which they hoped to induce him to fall in with it, and comply with the former god's requests. And thus, during this feast, these two gods have the right of way, and licentiousness is rife. "Your new moons, and your appointed feasts, my soul hateth; they are a trouble unto me, I am weary of them, saith the Lord."

Wednesday evening as we sat on the veranda upstairs, men and boys paraded the streets singing obscene songs, while others stood on the corner and vied with each other in telling vile stories and uttering vile words, which were greeted by a hearty laugh of encouragement, from those listening. It was so sad to hear young boys joining in, and learning from those older than they. Although we could not understand all, we understood enough to know that Satan was let loose, and our soul was filled with righteous indignation.

Our heart was sick with sorrow of it all, and with Jeremiah of old, we cried out, "Oh, that my head were water, and mine eyes a fountain of tears that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." It seemed to us a glimpse of the pit itself, and we thank God for having escaped it.

This same evening they burned a branch of the castor oil plant surrounded by cow manure. This act also has its immoral significance. Chikhli air is inclined to be damp and heavy, and as the smoke from these different burnings settled down upon us, dense and misty, it seemed but another glimpse of the pit,

and typical of the smoke which continually ascends therefrom. Friends, hell is to be the abode of "dogs and sorcerers, and whoremongers and murderer and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." And if it be worse than this experience (and we know it will be ten thousand times so), we beg of you in the name of Jesus, to escape it at once. Flee! Flee to the cross!

The next morning, Thursday, bands of men, and boys paraded the streets with drums, and other musical instruments, again singing these disgraceful songs and throwing red dye over one another and those they met on the street.

How womanhood was degraded that day you may only imagine and you may praise God it is only yours to imagine!

We are ashamed to tell you these things because we love India; we love India's people dearly. And it seems like divulging family secrets to the curious eyes of the world. We would not write you thus, did we not pray and trust, that through it the burden of her sins might come more heavily upon your own hearts. Through this feast, we saw as never before the need of a Savior for India. We realized with Isaiah, "The whole head is sick, and the heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores, they have not been closed neither bound up neither mollified with ointment."

Truly their sores have not been closed; neither

bound up, neither mollified with ointment. They are indeed "open sores." We have our sores in America, but most of them have been closed, covered up like whitened sepulchers. Of the two, which is the worst, we will let God judge. Praise God! There is a "balm in Gilead! There is a physician near," and He can "heal all their diseases and forgive all their iniquities."

Sometimes the human side of the work looms up before us, the impregnable walls of caste; the deep rooted superstition; the "making the tongue to lie;" the rolling of sin as a "sweet morsel under the tongue," and our heart cries out, "Who is sufficient for these things?" As one man said in meeting, "Why shouldn't we sin? Our gods committed sin, and we are no worse than they." Lucus says, "They do not like our ways, Miss Sahib, they are so used to sinning and evil, that it is sweet to them." But "God is not willing that any such shall perish," and these poor people are not to blame, as much as those who have received more light.

Again we petition your prayers, dear ones! John Knox prayed, "Give me Scotland, or I die." And God gave Scotland. Sometimes, when the burden comes upon us, it seems as if the very sorrow of it all will kill us, unless God does give us Chikhli, Buldana, India. Oh, that a real missionary spirit (the Holy Ghost), might come upon our Pentecostal people this year, and result in the "Lord adding to the church daily such as should be saved in America, in India, Africa, and wherever we are holding Christ up. "I

am the Lord, the God of all flesh. Is there anything too hard for me?"

Last evening while I was sitting alone on the veranda resting from the strenuous efforts just put forth on a Marathi lesson, a loud, monotonous sound of many voices was borne upon the air from a distance. Since the Brahman master had previously told me of what was going on, I had a great desire to witness the performance. There was no moon, and it being the rainy season, the sky was studded with clouds, while here and there a star peeped out, shedding forth a faint, hazy light; but brave in its efforts to dispel the darkness surrounding it; reminding us of the haziness and dimness of our own lives at times, when the clouds are encircling us, and in this light we strive to shine through.

We walked by the Court House, around the corner, past the Post Office, until we reached the Government School. Here we found a scaffolding of poles. These poles are young trees obtained from the jungles; and are much used in the erection of buildings, especially of roofs. This structure was made in the effect of a square cross. The four sides of the cross corresponding to four wings, all opening into the middle space, over which canvas was placed to protect from the rain. The western wing was rendered a little more private by lattice work, but, with the exception of this, and the canvas over the middle, it was simply a frame work of poles. They were desirous of making it more private and had asked us to lend them

some tin for the purpose; but on learning it was for the purpose of idol-worshipping, we did not feel free to comply.

In the center of this enclosure there was an altar about three feet high and two feet wide, on which a fire burned brightly. On either side stood a man holding two spoon-shaped instruments, from which they dropped "ghee," or clarified butter, from time to time on the wood, causing it to blaze and the sacrifice to sizzle. In front of the altar were two cistern-shaped places in which were fires, and another back of the altar.

Some twenty-five or thirty Brahmans were sitting upon the floor, of course, in no kind of order. Some were provided with lamps and books, from which they were chanting their "muntras," or charms. How weird it all looked and sounded! It was not song nor speech, but simply an incantation in parts. Now and again those near the altar would burst forth in ejaculations such as the practiced only can equal. These chants were carried on in Sanskrit, the sacred language of the Hindus, but now and then we distinguished the words "ha, Dava," which means "oh, God."

Two or three women stood near, presumably low caste *like ourselves*, for instance, and they invited us to come within the inclosure of one of the wings. We hesitated, but upon their insisting, went in. We stood there but a few minutes when a man came around with a brass dish filled with sugar, which he was dis-

tributing to one and all. We took some in our hand in order to encourage good will. In a little while a very important looking Brahman came and invited us to step outside. We did not stop to explain that we were there by invitation, but immediately vacated. When we were outside he said we might stay there and watch the procedure. Which we did for a few minutes longer, then we turned to go, emptying the sugar on the ground as we went.

A little to one side there was a small, temporary building entirely enclosed with tin, in which the goats intended for the burnt offerings were killed. Our master told us very seriously that in the olden times they used to kill the goats by chanting their "muntras," and bring them to life again by the same process. "But," he added sadly, "those days are past." Now a kunbee, or farmer, knocks the animal senseless with his fist, then the Brahmans open him, taking out the heart and entrails, which they offer upon the altar just described.

Do you ask what all this means? I cannot tell you perfectly. Neither can I describe all the various ceremonies which these men will perform before the end will be accomplishd. But we were told that there are six enemies of the mind, we would say the soul: among them are ambition, anger, envy, passion, avariciousness.

The man carrying on this ceremony is a man of good repute in the community. He is desirous of

overcoming these enemies, and is now fighting avariciousness.

During the entire nine days of the feast, hundreds of dollars will be expended, for a number of important Brahmans must be entertained in the most royal style. Besides this there is the enormous expense of having a Brahman priest from a distant village to perform the ritualistic part.

From this we see that even the Hindus, especially the enlightened ones, are struggling against the baser part of their natures, and vainly think that by meritorious acts, by self-abnegation, by sacrifice of money, and other things, by offering of goats and other animals, they may attain the "perfect man," which we know is found only in Christ Jesus. For it is "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he shed on us, abundantly, through Jesus Christ our Savior."

Who, having experienced the power of this same Christ in their own heart and life, can justly deny this Hindu the same privilege? Who will say, "He has as great chance as I. Leave him alone in his delusion!" God pity the cold, self-complacent man or woman who thus argues!

Once upon a time a certain great giant had overcome the Hindu people and was keeping them in bondage. At this juncture a goddess arose, and, after fighting with this giant, overcame and killed him. Such

is the story which relates to the feast which is about to be described. Whether there is some historical significance to this or not, we cannot tell, but should not be surprised if such were the case.

The poor little "pelican of the desert" in the picture herewith, is one of the many victims butchered on that day for the purpose of celebrating this event. He is a young male buffalo about one year old. A male buffalo is chosen because the form which this giant assumed at times was a male buffalo.

This little innocent was first taken to the *patel's* house (*patel* means the chief man of the village). A man then placed red paint on the forehead of the men assembled there, while the women did the same to the women. Then one young woman daubed the forehead of the buffalo and garlanded him with a wreath of flowers. After this, the *patel* took a large sword and cut the poor little fellow on the nose, with one blow. Then, still bleeding, he was run around the town limits led by a rope in the hands of a man, and finally arrived at a small temple. Here the *patel* again took the sword and gave a forceful stroke on the back of his neck. Then there was some parleying as to who should have the next honor, and finally a farmer stepped up and gave another blow. This was more effective than the first, and must have cut the jugular vein. They then proceeded to cut off the head and tip of the tail, which they buried under a stone in a gate or bridge, entering into the village. By this act,



BUFFALO TO BE SACRIFICED AT CHIKHLI



they are supposed to be exempt from all mental and bodily pains during the ensuing year.

There may be, and doubtless is, more to this which we have not learned, but so much has been told by a Brahman himself, while the scene has been witnessed by several of our missionaries.

This scene is enacted in every village and town as far as we have knowledge. In Buldana, they sacrifice a goat. Why a goat is chosen instead of a buffalo we cannot tell. In Chikhli a large ten-year-old buffalo, and in the smaller villages a one-year-old animal.

This may seem a very cruel practice to you, but to them our practice of butchering animals and eating them is far more barbarous. They, of course, do this from a religious standpoint, and are earnest in it. Many who know better have not the moral courage to step out against it. Some few have, and we praise God for every reform, whether Hindu or Christian, and pray they may all be stones in the great foundation of Christianity here in India; or at least pave the way to that foundation.

The day following there was another feast. The story relative to this is as follows:

Five brothers, gods, were fighting against a number of other gods. The latter overcame the former, and as a punishment ordered the five brothers to live in the forest for twelve years; and, during the thirteenth year, they were to live in some place where they would be unknown at all. Consequently, during this thirteenth year, the five brothers disguised themselves

and lived among the very gods themselves, but were not recognized. Their armor, and clothes, they hung upon a certain tree called the apta tree. We have one of these trees just outside of our front gate at Buldana. The leaves are small and round and two grow very close together like a clam shell.

On the following day, to celebrate the preceding event, they worship this tree. After praying and going through several performances and ceremonies, the supposed god has taken possession of the tree and they worship the spirit in it. "Another day," said a Brahman, "you could not persuade us to worship that same tree."

But watch while they perform this idolatry! It is twilight and we are walking in the compound (land around house). Five or six men have come forward at our little apta tree to worship. One of these we recognize as a Brahman and the other as a washerman.

They all prostrate themselves at the foot of this tree while they murmur words of praise and admiration to the gods. They each daub the tree, and then each other, with red powder (used in worship). They pluck some of the leaves of this tree, which they will afterwards put into a brass dish with other ingredients and wave before the god at the temple or in their homes.

After they leave, some very important Brahmins drive up in a pony tonga. The groom alights and holds the horse while they alight. They, likewise, go to the

tree and worship it. One of them is a judge in the English Court House here.

Think of a judge who has to know English law, and all that it entails, and who has to settle difficult cases according to that law, bowing down to a tree and worshipping it as a god! Would you like him to try your case?

Is it not a conglomeration, friends? Sometimes it makes one marvel to think how intelligent men can believe such things! Think of gods fighting and being overcome, and still being worshipped as gods! Our Savior, Jesus Christ, fought, but conquered! Think you we could have believed Him to have been God had Satan defeated Him? Could we have believed that He was able to help us overcome? And yet these educated men will look into one's eyes as frankly as a child, and tell these stories with seemingly as much faith as we tell them of our blessed Savior. These things have been instilled in them from childhood. We cannot blame them, but can only pity them, love them and pray for them. God's precious promises come home this morning comforting and true. "Behold, your God will come with a vengeance, even God with a recompense. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf will be unstopped. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water in the habitations of dragons, where each lay shall be grass with reeds and rushes." Praise God! Surely this is a habitation of dragons,

but God can and will make it fruitful with Christianity!

Let us "do with our might what our hands find to do." "Pray without ceasing!" "Making our requests known with thanksgiving!" "Have faith in God." And, with the blood of Christ upon the lintel of our hearts, and the Holy Ghost within, "God will answer, certainly answer, believing prayer." Amen! and Amen!

### "JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING"

And what if the night were dreary,  
The morning light breaks at last,  
And the golden glow on the hilltops,  
Proves the long vigil is past.

Yes! truly the hours dragged slowly,  
We counted each dreary stroke—  
A knell to the heart that listened,  
Before the day-dawn awoke.

The bright sun chases the shadows  
In corners obscure and dark;  
And the heart that feared and trembled,  
Soars in its song with the lark.

\* \* \* \* \*

And what if the heart be riven  
With arrows of pain and woe?  
The healing will come in the morning  
With the Son of God's love-glow.

It chases away dark sorrow,  
Burns them to memories dear;  
It binds up the broken places  
With sympathy's cord so rare.

Then tremble not in the darkness,  
Nor fretful be in your pain;  
Remember the Hand that has stricken  
Will as surely heal again!

The galling cords which have bound you,  
Will anchor your heart above;  
Then twine 'round your fellow-sufferers,  
In a strong, sweet bond of love.

*Composed at Chikhli, Berar.*

PROPERTY OF  
L.A. BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.  
They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but  
they see not:  
They have ears but they hear not: noses have they, but  
they smell not:  
They have hands, but they handle not: feet have they, but  
they walk not: neither speak they through their throat.  
They that make them are like unto them; so is every one  
that trusteth in them. — Psa. 115:4-8.

## CHAPTER XIV

### DEVOTEES

The Hindus are a very religious people. Their entire life is governed by religious rules. They eat, sleep, bathe, marry, and carry on business all in accord with their system of theology.

Their ideas of God are very exaggerated and exorbitant. As those of the Greeks and Romans, so do their gods eat, drink, sleep, marry, rise up to play. They indulge in anger, revenge, jealousy — sins of all descriptions — and seem to be recognized as gods simply by their malignant power.

Is it any wonder that these people are spiritually so darkened? For, “Like people, like priest,” and they have become like unto the gods which they have made with their own hands, and created out of their own human fancies.

In order to appease these gods they will go to any lengths; and to “gain merit” will perform any act, however arduous, distasteful or painful.

We speak figuratively of a “bed of thorns,” while they literally lie upon such. Had you seen such a devotee, as some of our missionaries did, at a neighboring village, with nothing on his body but a scant loin cloth, lying in a real bed of thorns, the needles

pricking into his flesh, you would have pitied and longed to help, while you would have despised your own meager suffering for your Savior's sake.

Behold, this other man, as he walks through the village with his right arm held upward. In order to obtain merit and favor in the sight of the gods, he has defied the laws of nature, enduring the pain and physical suffering entailed, until now it is beyond his power to control. Ligaments have become stiff, joints fixed and nature's functions abused.

Of course the people worship him — honor him, we may more properly say. And many a "widow's mite" is thrown into his coffer.

Sacrifices of all descriptions are offered to the gods, both living and dead.

One day we were teaching among the low caste women, when we noticed a little girl of some three or four years playing around. A bright, pretty face with large, wondering eyes, dirty and unkept to the last degree, hair matted and filthy as if it had not been touched since the day she was born. "Why do you not bathe and clean up that child?" "Oh, she is devoted to the gods! And when she is a certain age we will carry her to the temple, shave her hair and offer it and her to them!"

Some one, perchance, had been ill, and his recovery desired, or some other boon craved from the gods, and this child to be sacrificed, if it were granted.

An important, rich Hindu died in Chikhli, and his son, desiring to gain great merit and honor for him,



PRIEST OF MONKEY-GOD TEMPLE



built a temple at Malagni, dedicated to the worship of the monkey god, Maroti. In this temple we were allowed to go one day, provided we took off our shoes, which we agreed to do. This is equivalent to taking off one's hat among the Europeans, and also must be adhered to, since shoes are made of leather. Leather is the hide of the cow, which latter is sacred, therefore leather is prohibited as defiling. Very logical, is it not?

The priest seen in this picture officiates at this same temple. Wish you could have seen him the day this picture was taken, at Buldana! He had a lighted torch in each hand, garments heavy with dirt and grease, seemingly, it may have been something to protect from the fire.

Look at him in the picture with heavy bangles, anklets, and many necklaces. See the cymbals in his hand; the look of sin upon his features.

Handing his cymbals to another, who measured time for him, he began to dance, swinging the torches around him in a most vivid and satanic manner. As he danced higher and higher, he seemed to become more possessed with an evil spirit of frenzy, while to the ignorant mind he seemed marvelously preserved from the burning torches beaten so recklessly upon his body.

A priest, a spiritual leader of the people! And yet some of you begrudge the poor benighted followers pure, enlightened leaders! And some of you say, "Leave them alone! Why this waste of ointment? Why was not the gold and the money given to the

poor? Leave them alone!" Yes, leave them alone to *squalor* and *dirt* and *darkness*!

A son also endeavored to obtain merit for his father by offering a "living sacrifice," and the beautiful great bullock seen in the picture was the result.

He is considered holy by the people and allowed to traverse their fields, eat of the good of the land, devastate as he pleases! and no protesting voice is heard. He is dedicated to the gods, and walks through the village as a "living sacrifice."

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service; and be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." Can you not see through this illustration how we can present our bodies as a "sacrifice" and yet be "living" holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service? A "walking-about-sacrifice," if you please. Not a dead offering such as was brought in Moses' time, but a breathing, living, pulsating body; an enlightened, spiritual, quickened soul as a living sacrifice. To walk around, in and out among the people, a reminder of Him whom you serve, and whose you are. To talk for Him; to sing for Him; to live for Him in joyous, earnest service. Free as a bird on the wing, because God's will is yours. The time of dead sacrifices is past. God wants consecrated lives.



"A LIVING SACRIFICE",



## CHAPTER XV

### ONE DAY AT CHIKHЛИ

It is morning in Chikhli, and a morning of the cold season. The fog hangs low over the town, clinging closely to it, dense and chilly. Old Sol has arisen, but as yet seems unable to exert much of his power.

The little town begins to stir, for Hindus rise early, as a rule. One man, rolled from head to foot in a coarse woolen blanket, and lying upon the cold, damp ground outside his door, stretches himself, rolls over, pulls the blanket from over his head, and gives a deep yawn, while he blinks at the sun now becoming more powerful through the disappearing mist. He rolls over again, gives another yawn, and decides to arise. Some of his neighbors, also living outside of their small huts, do likewise.

A widow of the family, who has been up since three or four o'clock, stops her monotonous humming and the sound of the mill is silent. She quietly sifts the flour, draws her coarse white garment over her closely shaven head, and prepares to build a fire in the same room, where a number of the family are still sleeping. Some rolled in a blanket, some on rude beds made of a wooden frame and roped with coarse hemp or broad tape.

In the meantime the sun has quickly leaped upward; the mist, loath to loose her embrace from the earth, now hangs in space like a curtain, with here and there a deeper cloud in the hollows. Birds are singing their morning anthems to the true God of the heavens, while they hurry here and there in search of their morning meal. Dogs and little children, both so common in the East, have arisen, one to prowl around for a paltry breakfast, the other to play until the first meal of the day is ready. With some this will be sooner, with others later.

The man whom we first noticed is squatting upon the edge of the apology for a sidewalk. With sometimes one and sometimes two fingers in his mouth, he is going through all kinds of maneuvers. What is he doing? He is rubbing fiercely inside of his mouth; and now one finger goes right down his throat. Is he committing suicide? He gags, he chokes, he expectorates. After all, he is only cleaning his teeth and evacuating his throat — his usual morning procedure. From a small brass loter near by he takes a mouthful of water, then spouts it out in one steady stream; this is repeated several times, and one is quite convinced of the cleanliness of his mouth and throat when the procedure is over.

It is cold, and his bath he will take a little later on that same spot, or he may go in by the tulsi tree, but it must be taken ere the first meal of the day is partaken of.

Across the narrow street on the corner in that lit-

tle white Mohammedan house, the missionary has arisen, and the Christian workers have gathered with their little ones, who shiver with the cold from which their one cotton garment fails to protect them.

Hark! The man stops his ablution, and his dull features take on a look of interest. The widow lingers for an instant, but immediately *remembers* and proceeds with her work. The children run nearer the little white house, while the women cast furtive glances in its direction.

A hymn in the vernacular is rising on the wings of the morning! "What a friend we have in Jesus" floats through the bars of the small window, pierces the chilly mist, and ascends towards the Son of God. "All our sins and griefs to bear." The Indian Christian workers remember well "the sins" which, under the light of the Gospel, troubled them so. The "griefs" which, from their own countrymen, their own caste men, they have had to bear since accepting Christ; and, with upturned faces, sing more lustily than before, "What a privilege to carry, everything to God in prayer."

And now the voice of prayer is heard. "How different from our worship," the Hindu murmurs. "How familiar they are! How earnest! Why, they seem to be talking to some one in the same room with them! And yet they have no images. It is strange, very strange! And yet, they seem so happy. That young woman living there all alone, how can she do it? She says she has a father and mother and brothers.

And she is not married," and he wags his head in doubt.

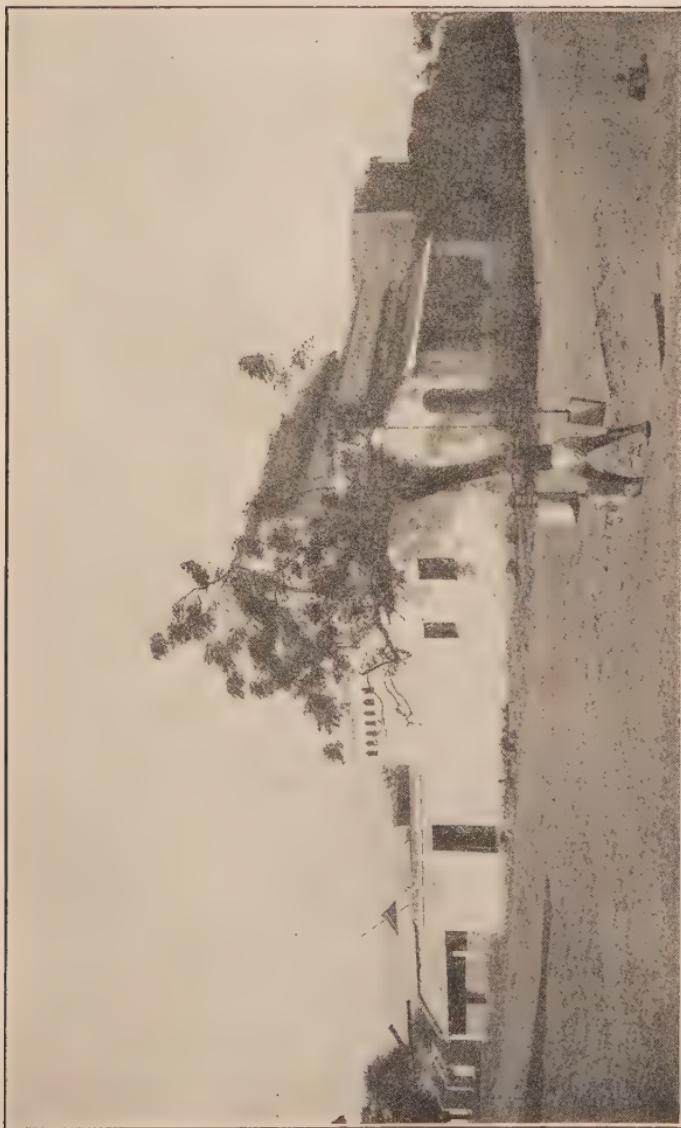
"But, why did she leave her home and come over here? Maybe it was unpleasant, and she ran away. Maybe she was wicked, and they sent her away. But then, she seems so happy, and looks so good, and is constantly receiving letters and love tokens from home.

"And then, those Christians — those Christians — I can't understand them. They are black like us. They were born in this country. They used to worship our idols, and observe our feasts; why, that man with the one arm whom they call 'Brother Lucas' is as earnest as he can be! He blames our gods for the loss of his arm.

"Says when he was a little boy that he fell off of a buffalo and broke his arm. His people would not take him to a Christian doctor, but took him to the temple and waited upon the priest. Paid him all the money they could, and he promised them that the gods would make it well. And they didn't do it. And he says he lost faith in them there and then, for he had to suffer so much pain. And when they did take him to a doctor he was forced to cut off his arm in order to save his life.

"Well, you can hardly blame him. I know myself that they do not do what the priest says they will do. I wonder if our religion is false, after all! I wonder if our gods are not gods as these Christians say they are not! I wonder — I wonder — " he mused on.

"And then, such a marvelous change as comes over those who accept the God whom they call Christ!



"LITTLE WHITE HOUSE ON THE CORNEE"—A WATER CARRIER



They don't worship idols any more. They are not afraid of the gods nor the evil spirits. And even those dogs of pariahs, those outcasts, straighten up, become independent, bathe, take care of their wives and children, no not steal nor drink any more, and really walk around as if they were Brahmans.

"Oh, well," with a deep sigh, "I don't know! My father died in this religion, so did my forefathers, and it was good enough for them. And then, I am too old now. *If I had heard them sooner!* But now, no, it is too late now.

"And then they do not keep caste. Oh, father, oh! I never could break caste! And eat with a pariah! Never, no never!"

And with the thought of caste, his musing comes to an abrupt end.

Prayers are over by this time in the house across the way. The workers pass out with bright faces, and a trustful pose, after having stopped to talk over the work for the day with Miss Sahib.

The women tell their little troubles about the children, or some troublesome neighbors, or difficulty in not being allowed to draw water from the well, are comforted and helped, and they return to their household duties, not arduous, we will admit.

The missionary sits down to her lonely breakfast, with a heart full of thankfulness to God that she may be a co-laborer with Him.

And now she spends an hour with a Brahman teacher, struggling over the difficulties of a foreign

language, and a teacher, who, himself declares, he must be taught ere he can teach a European.

Brother Lucas, in the meanwhile, has slung a small black bag over his shoulder, which contains Gospels, hymn books and tracts, and is starting out alone for a four-mile walk to a neighboring village.

There he stands near an old temple, while the people gather about him to hear the strange, new story of a God of love and purity and power. A God who hates sin, but loves and saves the sinner.

Oh, Lucas! it takes much courage and grace for you to trudge out alone day by day to these different villages. To stand among your own people and proclaim a strange and peculiar Gospel to them!

Some ridicule, many are indifferent, a few listen intently and nod their heads in approval. And when the others have dwindled away, these gather closer and ask questions concerning the marvelous story of Christ and concerning his own personal experience.

The preacher is in his glory now. His brown, earnest face becomes bright with a new light. His dark eyes glow, while his voice is lowered in its intensity.

“My brothers,” he says, “I tell you this story is true. Jesus Christ is the only true God, and He loves you. He died for you and rose again that you might live. Why do you bow down to idols? I used to, but they are only wood, and stone. They cannot see; Jesus Christ can! They cannot hear; He does. They cannot help in trouble; He will.”

Thus he strives to break through the dense dark-

ness of their hearts and let in the glorious Gospel of our Christ.

About noon he reaches his little humble home, and with his wife and children sits on the floor and eats his first meal of the day. Well earned, you will admit. Not many pastors or evangelists in our land travel from eight to ten miles every day to preach the Gospel, and that in a fasting condition.

The consecration of our workers is very encouraging and inspiring. God bless them, and make them a gleaming sword, cutting down sin and idolatry on all sides!

Miss Sahib, having finished her Marathi lesson with the master, is now battling with Binney's theology in the vernacular. It must be translated and taught to the Christian workers after dinner. It is no easy task. Try it if you have a speaking knowledge of some language. Preach in it! Teach theology in it, and unless you are an expert, the terms will baffle your every power of expression.

At the back of the house is a small square yard, surrounded by high walls which entirely seclude it from the outside gaze. This is a Mohammedan's house, and the wall was thus built to protect the purdah women who lived there. There is a gateway at one side, also protected by a projection of wall built some feet out and facing it.

Through this gate, or doorway, men, women and children are entering until the small yard is almost filled to its capacity.

They sit on the ground while they examine and comment upon the changes which have taken place there.

"Why, look at those beautiful flowering vines over the wall!" said one. "They did not used to be here. Three different kinds, a red, blue and white flower!"

"And the jessamine, how sweet it is!" said a little girl, with enlarged glands in her neck.

"And those geraniums and four o'clocks are really pretty! Do you know the Miss Sahib sent up to Buldana for that soil and those plants? And water is so scarce here, and she has to pay for all that she uses, therefore she saves all that has been used for baths and dishes and waters them thus," spoke up a woman who seemed more at home than the rest.

"The neighbors say that she loves her plants, and comes out every evening to tend them. Well, the Miss Sahib must be lonely, and I suppose these are just like friends," observed an old man with a racking cough, as he drew the piece of soiled white cloth more tightly across his sunken chest.

"Ah! here comes the Miss Sahib," cries a small boy who attends the Mission Sunday school.

"What a strange thing on her head! Why does she wear it? and so large! And what queer clothes!" marveled his mother, who was there for the first time.

"Why, that is a topee, or sun hat!" answered the boy. "Don't you know that the sahib folks cannot endure the sun as we can? Why, if she should come out here without it, she would be delirious in fever

before night. And her clothes — mother, they wear that kind over in her country."

"Well, they are not very graceful," the mother retorted. "They say she wears so many, and takes them all off at night. And cleans her teeth with the same brush for months. Why, we use our fingers and can clean them! How dirty! And they say that these missionaries eat with knives and forks and spoons, and then mix them all up together, and again use them. Such odd customs!"

"Yes, and they blow their nose in a cloth, and then put it safely away in a pocket somewhere in their clothes! They wear defiled leather shoes all of the time, even in the house!" growled an old man. "They mix with high and low caste alike, and one never knows when he is defiled."

"Well, they certainly are kind and good to us!" answered one of the women. "Why they do it I cannot imagine. They surely do not have to. It must be much pleasanter in their country. The sun does not affect them, and they have no rainy season. And then America is such a rich country."

"I wouldn't be surprised if they were in league with the government, and that they receive large salaries just to spy on us," the same old man replied. "Think of their eating meat! Why, it is most demoralizing to take life in this way, and they eat the carcass. And to eat the cow, which is so sacred, and which our sacred books forbid. They certainly have no conception of religion."

"Well, Dada, if you feel that way, why do you come here and take the Miss Sahib's medicine?" a young man who had been sitting patiently waiting for his eyes to be treated asked. "I know that this Miss Sahib is not in league with the government, and that she does not receive a large salary. She told us the other day that she is here because she loves us: and that she loves us because Jesus Christ, her God, loves us. And she does not keep caste because it is wrong. Her God is no respecter of persons. He loves all alike."

"Do you think she will compel us to be Christians?" whispered a young mother to an older woman. "My mother-in-law did not wish to let me come, you know. But my baby is so sick and she is afraid that he will die, therefore, she finally consented to let me bring him."

"I don't know," the woman answered. "I overheard them (her husband, she may not take his name) saying that the missionaries were trying to get into our homes and lead the women off. Here she comes! You keep close to me!"

"Oh, it is a god! It is a god! shrieked a small boy, who had never before seen a white face. And trembling with fear, he hides his face in his mother's dress. Whereupon they all laugh and the awkwardness of the occasion is broken up.

The smile which is brought to the missionary's face, chased away the look of dismay with which she had greeted the yard full of patients. "What in the world am I going to run up against here?" she won-

dered. "I, with no medical skill at all. And of course they all expect me to cure them with one dose or one application. Father, help me now!"

Eyes are cared for, wounds are cleansed and bound up. Poultices are applied. Quinine, cascara, bismuth, cough syrups, etc., etc., are distributed, until the last grateful patient has left the yard with a low bow, and respectful, "Salaam, Miss Sahib."

With a sigh of relief the "doctor" disinfects her hands, and then sits down to the noonday meal.

An hour of rest, and then the Christian workers and their wives appear for their daily class.

For an hour or more they all study theology, Old Testament history, a harmony of the Gospels together — the workers study the subjects, while the missionary studies the language while teaching them. This laborious but profitable task over, they now prepare for an afternoon among the women!

Although it is the cold season, the sun is scorching the earth with its rays. With the cessation of the rains in October the grass began to dry, and now only the brown roots remain, while the streets are hot and dusty.

With Bibles and hymn books in hand the women pass along the narrow streets followed by curious eyes and low spoken remarks.

As they near a yard in which they notice a number of Brahman women, they ask if they may come in. A rather reluctant "yes" is given by one of the older women, and they eagerly cross the threshhold of the door in the high wall which protects the court within.

A group of high-caste women of all ages confront them; also a number of little children.

Beautiful women, with smooth, black hair, parted and coiled at the back of small shapely heads, and clasped with gold or silver ornaments. Black eyes, some bright and mischievous, some proud and haughty, some sad and longing. Jewels of all description and all over the body — from the coil of black hair to the toe of the bare foot. Even the straight, well-formed nose has not escaped, and the lobe of the ears hang heavy with ornaments.

Bright and many colored garments are gracefully folded about the slender forms of the younger women. Little children running around in the bronze attire which nature has afforded, a silken cord or silver ornament about their loins, a necklace around their necks, and bracelets on their wee arms.

“Salaam, bai,” greets the missionary. A low “salaam” from some, and stares from the others, is the answer.

“May we sit down and talk to you for a short while?”

“Yes, yes,” and an old woman commands a younger to spread a rug for the ladies to sit upon.

Thereupon, seated in the middle of the yard with the women seated at some distance around, they begin to become acquainted. And when sufficiently so, the missionary takes up her work, and asks if they would like to hear them sing.

They assent, and the missionary and Bible women

immediately sing a hymn of the life of Christ and His love.

The old woman, who seems to be mistress of the place, and mother-in-law to the sweet-faced young woman who was told to spread the rug, interrupted by saying, "We cannot understand your song. Will you not explain to us?"

Gladly they stop and proceed to do so, but are interrupted by questions of all kinds from the women, who are now becoming more acquainted and familiar.

"How many children have you?"

"None. But let me tell you of Jesus."

"None, alas, bai!" Then, as a suspicion enters their minds, "Are you married?" "No? not married!" Then they look aghast, and some of the younger draw away in scorn, while she is forced to stop her narrative and explain the customs of her country.

Some at least are appeased, and the story is continued. To be interrupted again by, "What is that glistening thing in your hair?" (a bone hair pin).

"Do you folks nurse your children? We heard that you give your babies asses' milk to drink, or hire a wet nurse, is it true?"

"Do you wear bangles?" from another. "No? Why not?"

Almost exasperated by this time, the Bible woman cries out, "If you will listen to the Miss Sahib first, she will explain these things to you later! Do listen, bai!"

One young girl of about sixteen years, fair and

beautiful, with a sad, but good face, sits quietly on the outskirts of the group listening most intently. On the center of her forehead is no mark of red paint and upon inquiry her mother-in-law said, in a most doleful tone, "Yes, she is a widow, for about four years now."

"Yes," interrupts the old lady of the house. "we worship idols. We hold to this god, that god, and the other god—Mashoba, Naryan (sin), Maroti (monkey), and others; but," pointing up to the heavens—"only He can help us."

"Yes, we worship stones. We put red paint on a stone, place boiled rice before it. Shave a child's hair and offer it upon the altar."

"Yes, and break cocoanuts before it," said another woman.

"And we fall at their feet and worship them," the first continued.

"And cut up goats and offer them as sacrifices," the second woman again interrupted.

"But, this is all foolishness. We do not do it from our hearts. We are used to it, and we like it. And when you come and tell us *deep* things about God, we do not like them, because we are not used to them, and cannot understand them."

"Then why do you do this if your heart is not in it? Will you not turn from it to serve the only true God?" the missionary queried.

"No, oh, no! Our forefathers did this. My mother, father, brothers all do it. Why," pointing her

finger to this one and that, "she does it, and she does it, and she, and *I* do it also."

After singing another hymn, and pressing the truth more earnestly upon them, they leave with a hearty invitation from the women to come again.

They move on to the kunbi's or farmers' quarters, and coming to a house where a number of women are gathered in an open yard together, are invited to come in and talk to them.

In the middle of the conversation, a woman who is standing a little distance away ventured to ask a question. Another woman of the company arose and, in great anger, said, "You mahar! (low caste), what have you got to do with this? If you have anything to do with this, if you come into this religion, I will have nothing whatever to do with it!" And with more abuse she goes off in a great rage, taking a young girl with her.

One woman looks up hopelessly and says, "We are only women, what can we do? We can make chappaties and bear children, but how can we understand what you are saying to us? We have no soul. And if we should worship your Jesus, they would persecute us and forbid us doing so, what can we do?"

The missionary acknowledges with a sad heart that much that they say is true. But tells them that they can worship Him in their hearts, can pray to Him and serve Him to the best of their ability.

The Bible woman adds a few words of earnest appeal, to which the women give grave attention, and

then the little crowd scatters. The women to prepare the evening meal, the workers to retrace their footsteps homeward.

As they walk along, the sun, which was so strong when they started out, has lost its power over this part of the earth, and is now quickly sinking in the west. The heavy dews are falling, and the evening breeze is cold and damp.

Finally the sun sets beyond a gorgeous bank of many-colored clouds, and a beautiful after-glow illuminates the sky, lending a little of its glory to the dull, grey houses and the narrow alleys. Its light falls into the tired eyes of the workers and warms their hearts, as it bespeaks of the glory-land to which they are a day's journey nearer.

As they pass through the streets a few women are seen hurrying along with large water jars poised gracefully on their heads. Some of these are delinquents for some reason or other, or have been hard at work all day, and no time to get it sooner.

By looking in at the doors of the little homes as they pass along, the women can be seen worshipping the fire god, ere they light their tiny lamps for the night.

Women with tired faces and heavy steps are trudging wearily behind the men as they come in from the fields. Babies are swung on their backs, bundles on their heads and in their arms, while the "lords of creation" walk on untrammelled, having done little all day but rest under the shade of the tree and talk.

The little ones have been locked fast in the embrace of the drug opium all day; and if one cried another dose was given. Thus they were slung on the bough of a tree, while their mothers toiled in the hot sun. They believe in women's rights in India — the right for the woman to share the labor of the man; not only share, but in this case to bear.

“Salaam, Miss Sahib,” says the Bible woman, for they have now arrived at the little white house on the corner.

“Salaam bai, God bless you for your faithfulness!”

The after-glow has faded, and darkness has suddenly fallen. Miss Sahib shivers with the cold as she passes through the little yard into the house, where faithful old Silo bai has a good warm supper all ready for her.

Again she sits down to a lonely meal; tired and weary with the day's work, but very thankful for “One more day's work for Jesus.”

Letter writing to the home folks occupies the evening, and as she climbs the steep steps to the little room upstairs, the moon shines in and sheds its peace and calm all around, symbolic of His peace which floods her soul and rests her wearied spirit.

Peace! After a weary day,  
Flooding, like moonlight calm,  
The soul which is tired and weary,  
God's holy, healing balm.

Peace! After a night of storm,  
Silvery, soft and bright,

Infolding the heart of sorrow  
In its garment of spotless white.

Peace! After a dreary struggle,  
Quiet and rest and sleep.  
Hushed are the voices of discord  
On the bosom of Love, so deep

Peace! After a stormy voyage,  
Across life's ocean wave.  
In the bosom of Christ the beloved  
Far above the silent grave.



BROTHER LUCAS' PARSONAGE—CHIKHII



## CHAPTER XVI

### THE CHILD WIFE

Listen to that music — not the monotonous tom-tom of the drums only, which accompanies a sacrifice, but a little more varied with notes which are supposed to betoken joy. And yet, all in a monotonous minor key so characteristic of the Hindu music, and which seems so suggestive of the minor key of fatalism which runs through their religion and shapes their lives.

Let us look out of the window. What do we see? A slender little maiden of about six summers, gaily dressed in a bright new saree, which means about five and a half yards of cloth gracefully draped about her slight form. Around her slim ankles are silver anklets. On her toes are rings to which are attached tiny, silver bells. Her arms, bare to above the elbows, are adorned with bangles of silver and glass; rings on her fingers. Around her neck, which is well-disclosed in front, is a necklace of black beads, alternating with gold. This is her wedding necklace. Her face and entire body is covered in saffron, lips darkened with lamp-black. In this setting her bright, brown eyes shine out as stars in the night. Her hair, made sleek with cocoanut oil, is tightly drawn from the low forehead. It is black and shining; coiled at the back of her head and clasped with a large golden ornament.

Upon her forehead is the red spot, symbolic of her marriage. Those men and women are the relatives. All in bright colored garments and decked in all of the ornaments of which they are in possession.

The children following are also of the family, many of them her own little brothers and sisters.

Where are they going, did you ask? Why, they are going to the temple to worship the goddess who presides over the wedding, for such is what is taking place.

Do you not see the brass plate which that woman holds? On it are things suitable to sacrifice to the goddess, such as cocoanuts, boiled rice, ghee (clarified butter), curds, and so forth; paint with which to adorn her forehead, incense to burn before her.

You suppose the goddess is very beautiful and fair to look upon? Oh, no! She is quite the contrary. Have you never seen her? No. Then imagine a block of stone, one end of which is rudely cut to resemble a face. The other end stands for the body. Features are roughly carved or painted upon it, a hideous mouth and large, staring eyes. Daubed all over with red paint, begrimed with the smoke of many sacrifices and flickering sooty lamps of oil with open wicks; one cannot conceive of anything more unprepossessing or hideous to worship.

The background is quite in harmony. The temple is small and dark — one opening toward the front. And in the dim recess, which is smoky and greasy from the lamps of the sacrifices, glares forth the idol.

To this grim monster they will offer their gifts, and prostrate themselves, craving her blessing upon their married life.

Then they return home, and for ten days will engage in feasting and pleasure. The priests will be there to carry on the ceremonies; there will also be musicians, and the expenses will be very heavy.

You ask if they are wealthy? By no means. They have no property, else it would all be mortgaged for this wedding. But they procured the money from the money lenders at enormous interest. In all probability they will not be able to pay it during the life of the father, and it will be entailed to the son. The priests are exorbitant in their demands.

Last night one of the chief relatives, accompanied by a band and torches, went around the town to invite the guests.

The man who gave the invitation held a bright brass plate upon which rice, which had previously been colored red, was placed. They use the current grain of the part of the country wherein they reside. This he offered, being equivalent to an invitation. Sometimes they carry around a written invitation, which they read to each person whose presence is desired.

Some years are more auspicious than others. Last year was not one of these. Therefore there are more weddings this year. When it is inauspicious for weddings, yatras are held. Weddings are not held during the rains.

And some places are more auspicious than others. There is a place in the southern part of India called Gri, so holy and sacred that marriages may be held every day of the year. Consultation of the stars and other formalities are not necessary as in other places.

The time of the wedding is also very important. And the principal ceremonies take place at the evening hour, when the cow is returning home from the pasture, and the dust is arising from her sacred feet.

But let us return to this little maid whose wedding feast is now over. For ten days they have been having a joyous time, the envy of all those not so fortunate.

On one day the little bride's saree was knotted to the dhoter of the husband, a man of about twenty; and thus "tied" for life, they passed through the village to the temple. They were accompanied by the band as usual, and a number of friends and relatives.

On another occasion rice was poured over their heads, indicative of the prosperity and fruitfulness which is desired for them.

Another ceremony was the eating of food together, and from the same plate. The last time that it will be her privilege to eat with her lord and master. In the future she will serve him while he eats, her portion being whatever of the meal he may not consume.

Still another important act was the adorning of the child's forehead with vermillion, a red spot or line in the center of the forehead. This is the symbol of

her married life, and must always be worn as long as her husband lives, but never afterwards.

Then comes the consecration of the marriage ceremony by the couple marching around the sacred fire.

The priest, all through these ceremonies, makes many a full stop, and demands money before he will proceed further.

Sometimes there is a demur on the part of the relatives, if they consider his demands too unjust. But usually there is prompt obedience, for they know that he will not proceed until they give what he desires.

But all is now over. The priests and musicians have retired. The bride's small trousseau is rolled into a bundle and the family accompany her to the "parting of the roads" which, on this occasion, is on the corner of the house in which we live.

We hear sounds of sobbing, at first soft and subdued. Then a child's voice in protest. Run to the window and peep from the almost closed shutters.

Bullocks and cart stand on the corner in readiness. A few men and women and several children complete the group.

In the center is our little maid of a few days back. Truly the same and yet not the same. Then happy and light-hearted as the child which she was; now full of sorrow and alarm at the thought of leaving home and mother and going off with comparative strangers.

She clings to her mother, who is dumb in her own sorrow. She may not comfort her, she must bid her

go and be a dutiful child to her husband and mother-in-law. She loves her little one dearly, but after all it is the common fate of all women; she had to suffer it, and so did her mother, and now her child must submit. Poor little lamb, it will be hard to leave home, but she will get used to it. It is a woman's fate, and they have no other part to play in life. Yes, she must be obedient.

Musing thus, she tries to unclasp the arms of the little one from about her limbs. She whispers that she must be good and obedient, that she must go away, quietly.

The men become impatient, and speak in anger to the women. The latter offer the child sweetmeats. They entice her with this offer and that, but she clings more persistently to her mother.

"Mother, oh, mother! Do not send me away," she sobbed. "Let me stay with you! Oh, do not, mother, do not send me away!"

The poor little one is in a frenzy of grief by this time, and the father-in-law, now quite out of patience, unclasps her arms from around her mother, picks her up bodily, puts the screaming child into the cart and drives off. The mother left standing on the corner hides her face in her saree and refuses to be comforted.

Tears of sympathy and sorrow are flowing down our own cheeks. Poor little child-wife! Torn from mother's love and home and the sunny hours of childhood to suddenly become a little woman. Perchance yours will be the common fate of an unkind step-

mother who will beat you, and, if need be, brand you into the most docile obedience.

Henceforth you stand in her presence, in the presence of your husband also. You must never utter his name. You will be the butt of their suspicions continually. Does not their proverbs say—

“What is the chief gate to hell? Woman.”

“What is cruel? The heart of a viper. What is more cruel? The heart of a woman. What is the most cruel of all? The heart of a soulless, penniless widow.”

“Educating a woman is like putting a knife in the hand of a monkey.”

“He is a fool who considers his wife as his friend.”

And, you little one, are one of these women! If you are not fortunate enough to bear him a son, he may divorce you. For there must be a son to save the father’s soul from the hell of soulless parents.

And oh, the sadness of it all is that you are not alone! But today in this land that should be bright and fair, there are 2,273,245 such wives under the age of ten years, and 243,502 under five years of age, and 10,507 under one year of age.

These little ones may never know who their husbands are, but should the latter die they will become widows nevertheless. Some of the lower castes may marry again, the higher never.

The other day we heard crying and a commotion from without. Running to the window we saw a young girl, of about thirteen or fourteen years of age, running and screaming at the top of her voice. She

was followed by a man in whose hand was a whip, which he used for the bullocks. The girl ran on, but he soon outsped her, and as he drew near she fell down in paralyzed fear and groveled at his feet in the dust, while he unmercifully beat her with the whip in his hand.

We naturally inquired the cause of such brutality. They told us that she had been married from this village sometime ago, and had gone to live with her husband. This day they had come here to visit. The girl's treatment had been so cruel, and her life so unbearably wretched that she had been guilty of this foolish, hopeless act — namely, rebellion against her inhuman husband, and her stern and relentless mother-in-law.

Of what use her rebellion? She was made to get up, sore and bruised in body, sullen and resentful, but despairing in spirit, enter the cart and go off with the man whom she must so respect as not even to mention his name, or once sit in his presence.

And the mother, the father, have they no heart for their own child? Yes, but helpless against fate and the decrees of a religion which is as tyranical over women as ever was Nero over Rome.

We have read of some who have lived in India who deny that these women are alive to the wretchedness of their condition, and who condemn "the sentimentalism" written about the Hindu women. But these men, most of them busy about their civil duties, do not come in close contact and association with

crude Hinduism as missionaries do in their familiar life among them. And while we admit that many live a secluded life of ease and comfort, the large majority suffer from the practices of heathen customs demonstrated by a heathen religion. Pandita Ramabai is one grand exception, whose father taught her himself and instructed her in the Hindu Scriptures — a prepared woman for a special work.

Some one has wisely said that “the condition of its women is the truest test of a people’s civilization.” If this same test is applied to India, we should perforce put its civilization at a very low grade in the scale.

Only in the last few years have schools been established for Hindu girls in our vicinity, and these are maintained under the greatest difficulties. So many feasts during the year, when the young wives must be at their husband’s home for a certain length of time. So much prejudice against their attending school at all, and when they do attend, so early an interruption of their studies on account of marriage.

It is no wonder that India’s women are strongly prejudiced against anything foreign entering their lives. No wonder that in reality it is the women who hold so tenaciously to their old dark customs and religious ceremonies.

One Brahman, who was taught in a mission school and just about to give his heart to Christ, told us how (when on the eve of baptism) it was his mother who immediately set plans afloat for his wedding and sent

for him to come home at once. And when, some years later, his brother and he—the former being a great reformer in Hindu society—married their sister, a virgin-widow, to a reformed Hindu, it was his wife who caused him to be outcasted, and who left him, until after many years they decided to re-admit him, when she came back. He did not add, as was a self-evident fact, that “the hand which had rocked his cradle, ruled his world,” his religious life, his home life.

Therefore, oh, ye women of America! Ye who believe in freedom, and are now clamoring for a greater, fuller, wider sphere for yourselves, to you the condition of the women of India should appeal; you should do all in your power to bring into their lives those first principles of freedom which you now fling from you as much-worn toys!

You should ask yourselves the question. From whence has come our freedom? Did we inherit it from our heathen ancestors, who sacrificed under the great trees of old England to the sun, moon and stars? Or has it come to us from “the Christ, the Savior of the world,” who said, “Whom the Son makes free is free indeed,” reiterated by His first great missionary in, “There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.”

Shall we not pass on to those who are bound at least a part of the great freedom and inherited blessings which we have received through the direct and indirect influence of our holy religion? Ought we not to reckon

ourselves, even as Paul did, “debtors both to the Greeks and Barbarians, both to the wise and the unwise?” Debtors to send them the Gospel, which indeed is “the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth;” debtors to open the way for educational advantages; debtors to help them find themselves socially; debtors to make them “free indeed” in Christ Jesus!

## CHAPTER XVII

### UNIQUE EXPERIENCES

#### A TIGER

A night during the hot season! All day long the hot winds have made life unbearable, and now, inside the mission bungalow in Buldana, the air is close and oppressive. How can one sleep in such an atmosphere?

Two of the missionaries have resorted to the veranda, which is low on the ground and covered by a tiled roof. But, because of its open front, through which the wind has free play, there is at least a greater degree of ventilation. There are still hot winds, but cooler than during the day, and outside it is much easier to breathe than inside the low bungalow.

There have been many expostulations from the other missionaries, for it is rumored that there is a tiger in the village, and last night it was seen on the roof of one of the native huts.

This, of course, causes great consternation among the people, all the more because tigers are found in the jungles only three miles distant. Consequently, the deputy commissioner and doctor are both to go out tonight, hoping to be able to shoot the intruder.

But these two ladies declare they cannot stand it inside, and tiger or no tiger, they are going to sleep

on the veranda. Thus, in the arms of Morpheus, they go with delightful (?) thoughts of, and anticipations of an encounter with a tiger.

Some time in the middle of the night one of the missionaries is awakened from a sound sleep by an animal pouncing upon her chest. With an unearthly scream, she starts up. The creature, also frightened by the wild cry, jumps down from the bed, and the soft patter of its feet are heard on the matting as it runs out into the yard beyond.

The cry has awakened the other missionary and she calls out, "J—, what is the matter? Are you ill or dying?"

"No, but I am frightened almost to death," is the answer. "Something—it must have been the tiger—sprang on me as I lay asleep, and I heard its paws on the matting as it ran off of the veranda! Oh, what shall I do? I am so frightened!"

"Oh, you must have been having the nightmare! Come over here with me."

"I cannot! I really am *too frightened!* Hadn't we better go inside?"

"Nonsense! Come over here and you will be all right."

Finally persuaded, and a little becalmed from the fright, she steals over to the other side, after casting fearsome glances to right and left to be sure the tiger is not in sight. It is sometime, however, before startled nerves can be quieted and sleep restored.

In the meantime, what had become of the tiger?

The hunters were unable to find the fierce animal that night. The next day, a man came from Malkapur to hunt a *tame tiger* that had strayed away from a circus company.

Also the evening of the next day as this same nerve-racked missionary was sitting in the middle room of the bungalow — the room which is used for both parlor and dining room by means of a screen — what should rush by her but a four-footed animal, with fierce, gleaming eyes, yellow and striped like a tiger, and in dismay she believes it to be her enemy of the night before. A wild cat from the jungles!

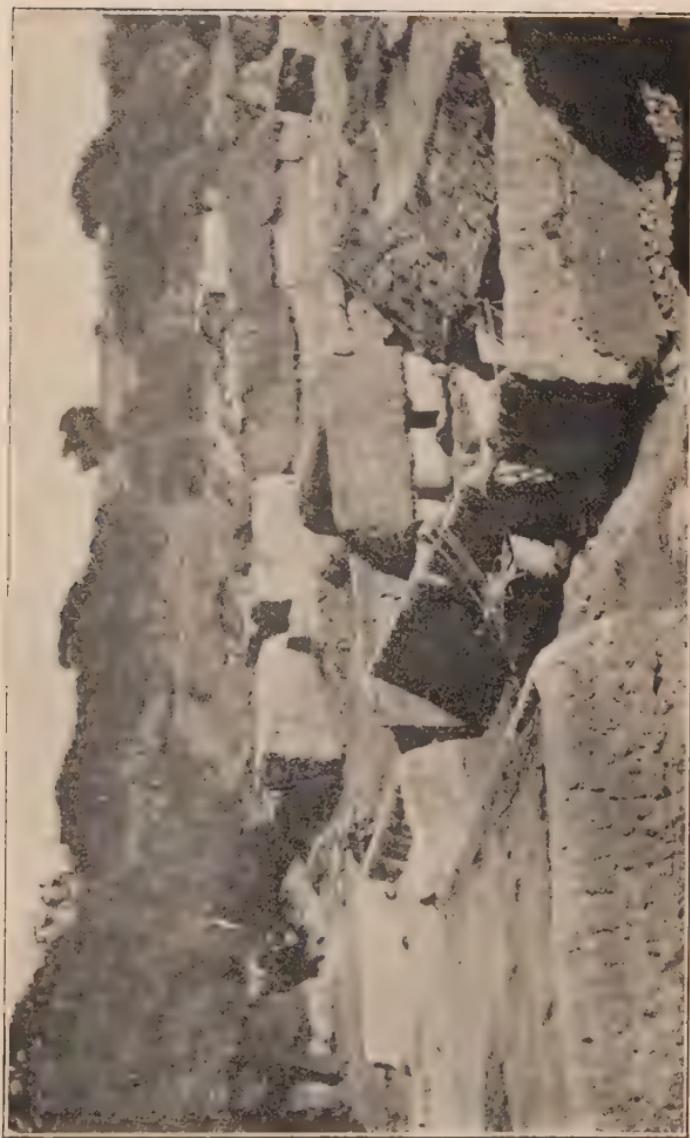
#### A GODDESS

Miss Sahib, there is a wonderful, strange woman who has come to town. You know plague has been raging here, and all of the Hindus say that she is the plague goddess."

"Indeed, where is she? And what does she look like?"

"Why, she came into town this morning, and went to the chowdee." (A chowdee is a small building of one room with open front, built by the government to accommodate the Indian and Mohammedan officers who come to the villages on business. Europeans are often forced to stay in them over night, if there are no other accommodations.) "And she is there now."

"She has scarcely any clothing on, and acts and talks as if she were inspired. All of the people are worshipping her! The high caste people are falling



TYPICAL MUD HOUSES—KOLAR VILLAGE



at her feet, and are bringing offerings as sacrifices for her to eat. And, what is more, they are making oblations to their ancestors in her name. My! how they are honoring her! You should see them, Miss Sahib."

"Poor things! I should either be amused or very sorry if I should see them. Can't they find out where she came from and who she is?"

"Oh, they are quite satisfied that she is a goddess, and came to earth for some special purpose. To their minds she looks like a goddess. Her hair is dirty and dishevelled and hanging around her neck. The fact that she scarcely has any clohting on adds to the conclusion; that she looks wild and wierd; and sometimes sits in utter silence; and sometimes blazes out in incoherent language are also other great proofs to them.

"Why, Miss Sahib, a Brahman told me that she vomited this noon, and that the people think her so holy, that some of them even partook of that. Think of it!"

"My, this is disgusting and pitiful also!"

"Even the Mohammedans are prostrating them selvse at her feet, and one who works for the government gave her his gold watch. They went to a Brahman's house to buy milk for her. He gave it, and then came over to the chowdee to find out for himself.

"While he was there, a man wearing a topee came, and all the people who were there worshipping stepped aside, and said, "Oh, surely she is a goddess! For even the Sahibs are coming to worship her."

The man was an Indian Christian in search of the woman—his demented wife!

Of the credulity and love of the mysterious inherent in the Eastern mind one hereby has a fine illustration.

The simpler, the more normal the religion, the less its worth, the more readily rejected. Christianity is so simple to them, that this very simplicity detracts from its worth. Clothe it in mysticism; let its propagators lead lives as ascetics; replace its hideous images with beautiful ones, and India would soon be won from one form of idolatry to another.

### BURGLARS

The same two missionaries as in the tiger story, and only these two in the large bungalow at Buidana.

A dark night in the cold season: the building and outhouses are wrapped in darkness. The wind stirs the leaves of the pepul trees mysteriously, as if they were conspiring together outside. The night birds are calling in weird, monotonous tones. The hoot owl rests upon the roof, and startles the other creatures by his deep, horrible, unearthly scream.

Inside all is silence. One missionary sleeps peacefully; the other is dreaming of the judgment day. Terrible confusion and awful fear on all sides; buildings going into flame, "the end of all things is at hand;" some of her loved ones still unprepared to meet God—oh, horror of it all! In her dreams she is on her knees pleading for these dear ones, when—

the sound of the report of a revolver awakens her. Merciful heavens! *What has happened?*

Some one must have entered the house and maybe killed Mrs. P—.

Paralyzed with fear, she scarcely dares call her name in a whisper. But finally—"Mrs. P—, Mrs. P—," in a low voice intensified by fright. No answer. Her hands fumble tremblingly, but find nothing. At last she hears a long drawn sigh—oh, *what has happened?*

"Mrs. P—, are you hurt?"

"Hurt!" cries the mystified msisionary, "what do you mean?"

"Oh, I was dreaming, and some one shot a revolver or gun and awakened me. And I couldn't find nor hear you, and thought they must have killed you."

"Why, what nonsense! You heard the shot in your dreams. There is nobody in the house."

"No, I did not. It was real, and some one must be in here. Do let us call one of the boys and see. I cannot sleep tonight if you do not."

"Well, I don't believe there is any one in the house, but if it will satisfy you, alright. Come along."

So they jump out of bed, first putting on slippers for fear that they might tread on a scorpion; light a lamp, and, going to the door, call Leon, one of the young men sleeping on the compound.

Leon comes running and full of apprehension. On learning what is the matter, he gets a large stick, and

they immediately proceed to investigate — under beds, in dark corners and closets.

Finally, they give up the search, satisfied that the burglar is not in the house at the present time, anyway. *He must have escaped, but how?*

Still frightened and upset nervously the first missionary mentioned tries to sleep the remainder of the night, but it is next to impossible.

Morning dawns, they arise early, and, going out into the dining room, much to their horror and dismay, discover the burglar — a bottle of yeast had fermented in the night and “pop” had gone the cork.

#### A DEATH

It is Monday morning and the postman is just distributing letters.

On the corner across the way lives a Hindu family composed of a widow, her two sons and one daughter-in-law about fourteen or fifteen years of age, also a little baby granddaughter.

The postman stops at their door and delivers a postal card. Whereupon there is great consternation, and the women immediately begin to weep.

Some sympathizing friends coming along the road ask what is the matter. The missionary across the way hears the sounds of weeping and looks out of the window. “What can be the matter? Is the baby dead? Or is it the mother?”

The blind son is sitting out in the yard, the personification of woe. His naturally discontented face

has an additional cloud of sorrow on it, and he is crying softly but bitterly.

In the house the women are bemoaning some great loss, and are calling upon their gods in their misery. In real sympathy of heart the missionary weeps also.

Some women are standing near by, and one of them asks, "Dada, what is the matter? Do tell us."

"Oh, my sister! My only sister," he moans.

"Why, what is the matter with her? Is she ill, or has she died?" another asks in a low voice.

"Yes, she was ill unto death, when she wrote the postal. There were no hopes, and she said by the time this card reached us she would have passed away. Oh, my sister! My only sister! And we were not with you!" he cries out.

It is too pitiful to watch for long, and the missionary moves away from the window with a real pain at heart. "Poor things," she murmurs, "and not one of them there! She was the picture of health the last time she was here. It must have been cholera or plague."

In a little while she again goes back; they are still mourning. The blind man alone in his sorrow, the younger son inside with the women.

Seeing the postman again going to their house to deliver another card, she calls him over, and asks in an awed voice, "What is the trouble over there? Is the blind man's sister dead?"

"Well, Miss Sahib," the man replies, while a smile lingers around his mouth, "his sister saw two

crows in a certain position, which is considered an ill-omen for six months. This must be averted somehow. So she wrote two postals and posted them on separate days. The first one to say she was dead or dying, the second, which I have just delivered, to explain the ill-omen. By believing her dead, and mourning for her, the curse of ill-luck is removed. It happened that both cards came on the same day, or they would have been mourning yet."

"Well, well! Is it possible! And thus they thought to cheat their stupid gods," the missionary murmured to herself.

She looks across the way. All is quiet; their sorrow has ceased. The blind man has gone inside. The younger man, a rather pompous and cynical fellow, comes out looking very cheap and with eyes red with weeping.

So much for Hindu superstition!

### SNAKES

Who has not read the blood-chilling stories of snakes in India! And we all know that unless a missionary from that country has a real snake story of his own experience to tell, and a missionary from Africa a lion story, they are both discounted as to their real worth, never mind how efficient they may have been otherwise. So here goes for our snake story.

Before coming to this country, our minds were full of all kinds of terrors of snakes and wild beasts, and it is a part of one's initiation to listen to all such

encounters from fellow missionaries after one arrives.

On spending the first night in Buldana, we were told to be sure to uncover the bed carefully and also to look under our pillows for snakes, scorpions and centipedes. Slippers must be handy and put on before arising, and matches must be kept under our pillows.

Of course, natural timidity was increased by all these necessary precautions, and we found just what we expected on the first night when the pillow was turned over and a centipede was lying beneath it.

A few mornings later we were just about to apply a face cloth, when our eyes caught sight of a black object on it — a scorpion.

And snakes — yes, we were forever looking for snakes! And this night we retired thinking of snakes.

It was the rainy season, and everything so damp and dank that one could imagine any kind of a disagreeable creature venturing out.

Why, our shoes moulded over night! and our Bibles, and even our pocket books. Bibles have been known to grow mouldy *even* in America, but think of one's *pocket book*! Why, an unheard of thing!

We crept amid the damp bed clothes feeling as if we were having a cold pack, but presently the constant patter, patter, and drip, drip of the rain outside the window lulled us to sleep.

How many hours we had been sleeping, we know not, when — thud! went something at the side of our bed. We sat up startled by the sound. Horror of horrors! Could it be a snake?

We listened breathlessly for a while, expecting to hear its hiss or the soft crawl of its body across the matting. But there was no sound.

Still disturbed, and yet ashamed of our weakness, we prayed for protection and courage and calmness of spirit, then turned over and went to sleep.

How long we remained thus we canot tell, but again amid a sound sleep we were awakened by a louder thud than the previous one.

Nerves by this time on edge, we sat up in bed and listened intently, but all that we could hear was the beat of our own heart and the patter of the rain without.

We next fumbled for the matches from under our pillow—struck one, two, three, four, oh dear! are they all too damp to light? The twelfth was tried, but all in vain. Gathering all the courage of which we were capable, we put on slippers and sprang to the floor, then out of the door in an instant of time.

Arriving at the door of another missionary's room, we rapped and went in, startling that lady by exclaiming, "Oh, Miss H—, can you light a match? I have tried a dozen and all failed. I believe there is a snake in my room! It awakened me from my sleep."

Miss H— recognized this as a timid request to come in and help investigate, and, making use of her small electric light, found her matches, and, after some futile attempts, lighted a lamp. We had had a suspicion that our thirteenth may have been successful, but thought it best not to try it.

Miss H— brought the lamp, and we entered the room very carefully in order not to tread on the slippery and venomous creature. Looked here and there! To the right and left! when, lo and behold, in front of us the first snake—a lump of mud from the roof above! Beyond, the second—our topee fallen from its peg.

Miss H— was bound over to secrecy!

To the glory of our Master, we must add here that, after some severe testing and much prayer on our part, God entirely delivered us from this fear that really had “torment.” And before long we found that by His grace we were able to live alone in a native house in Chikhli with not another European within fourteen miles. An old woman in the yard, who went away occasionally for ten days at a time, and a Christian worker about a block away, the only ones in the entire village whom one could trust.

And we desire to testify to the glory of God that we slept as peacefully as a babe on its mother’s breast. When there was a certain insurrection near by, which was brought to our town for trial, the missionaries advised, nay, besought us to leave. God kept in such perfect peace the heart that was stayed upon Him, that we gladly stayed amid it all. Some of the happiest days of our life in India were spent in the little house on the corner with no human companion, but with one “Friend who sticketh closer than a brother.”

Trust Him, timid one, He can dispel your fears. He can be more real than your strongest friend! The

grace that you will need tomorrow will not be given today, however. And the courage necessary for India or Africa not ruthlessly expended upon you in America. *Grace as your day!* Nothing to waste in God's economy — unthinkable, incomprehensible resources to use! Try it for yourself. *Use them!*

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE HINDU'S VOW

What means this ceaseless passing to and fro?

Why bleat the goats in tones of fear?

The poor, dumb victims, with instinctive sense

Feel that their death is near.

They ruthlessly are to the temple borne,

And down before the idol laid;

Which, paint besmeared and filthy from much dirt,

Man's god from stone is made.

Where bloody pools speak louder than man's voice,

Their blood is mingled with the dust;

And hearts of flesh from bodies warm are torn

To satisfy gods' lust.

An old man comes with faltering step and slow

His scanty purse cannot afford

To buy a goat, but in his hand there rests

A fowl to give his lord.

He humbly bows before the sickening form,

Presents the bird, then takes its life;

The heart still warm with living blood is laid;

Where grease and filth are rife.

But, Dada, why, oh! why do you do thus?

Can life avail for sin so black?

And only blood, the deep-dyed stain remove

From hearts that know their lack?

With earnest look and trembling voice he said,  
"My mother has been very ill;  
I told my god if he would make her well  
This vow I would fulfill."

Dear brother, with your silver streaked beard,  
Betokening that death is near,  
Have you not heard there is one God of love—  
One heaven, one hell to fear?

As tottering footsteps tremble on the brink  
Of life and death in sad affright,  
What hopes have you as anchor to your soul,  
To moor you in the light?

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*

Behold! what means this prostrate, dust stained form?  
Full-length upon the street it fell,  
And lo! it rises, walks, then falls again!  
Will some one kindly tell?"

She also made a vow to this same god;  
Some sorrow, sickness or distress  
Had come into her life in surging waves  
Of trial to harass.

"From house to temple, be it far or near,  
I'll measure length on dusty road,  
Nor stop, nor spare my body 'till I find  
My burden's ended load."

Ah! sister, with your dark and swarthy skin,  
And soul as black as midnight gloom,  
Know ye not Jesus paid it long ago,  
Redeemed your soul from doom?

Know ye not Jesus is the Lamb of God?  
 A willing sacrifice He paid;  
 The Father sees the pierced hands and side,  
 Accepts the offering made.

No bleating goat nor plaintive moaning lamb  
 We need to wipe sin's stain away.  
 Deep-dyed it is, but deeper still the cure  
 Which Christ affords today.

As softly falls the balmy summer breeze  
 On heated brow and weary brain;  
 Thus fall the words of Christ, the Son of Man,  
 On souls in darkness lain.

As constant dripping from the silver streams  
 Makes havoc with the limestone rock,  
 Thus have we faith that God's own word of power  
 This heathen flint shall mock.

The Hindu pays his promised vows so stern  
 Unto the heathen's god of clay,  
 My Christian brother, sister, dost thou keep  
 Thy vows as well as they?

Hast thou not vowed thyself to Jesus Christ  
 A living sacrifice to be?  
 Then why does fear gnaw at thy heart, so weak,  
 At crossing o'er the sea?

Behold the Man! On India's shore He stands,  
 With pleading voice for you He calls;  
 Far o'er the deep His beckoning hands are seen,  
 From which His life-blood falls.

“Yes, Master, we will come, or we will give  
Our time and money to this cause.  
Accept our love, our homage and our life  
Should conquered death not pause.”

### A NATIVE FEAST

It is almost five o'clock and the melodious (?) beat of the drums and sweet strains of the monotoned instruments warn us that we must start at once. Come! The temple is only a short distance, but don't forget your topees and umbrellas. Old Sol is still monarch of all that he surveys.

Look at the men, women, and children! See them gather from all directions! Black-skinned, brown-skinned, yellow-skinned, fair-skinned! How strange we look among them! Red sardies, yellow sardies, blue sardies, variegated sardies; white dhoters, colored coats, gorgeous turbans, and little children in nature's kindly garb! What did that woman ask me? “Where was our carriage?” She thinks it strange we are walking. And that man? The same thing.

Well, here we are right in the midst of it all. This small building at our right is the temple of the mother god. Notice, it has been newly whitewashed and a tiger in crayon adorns its sides. Do you see that small lake of water nestling in the hollow at our left? That is our tank. It is getting low now. But the rains will soon come. How convenient to have rains once a year. Yes, I think the Sunday school superintendent would like to live in India, especially about picnic time.



MOTHER-GOD TEMPLE AT BULDANA—FEAST IN PROGRESS



Since this feast is in honor of the mother god, a Brahman woman has charge. We ask permission to go within the temple. Isn't she beautiful? Her skin such a clear, olive, her eyes so darkly bright, and her teeth so white. What a sweet smile she has! If you will notice the Brahmins are conspicuously absent. This is for the lower castes. They pretend to know nothing about it whatever.

Yes, we may go in. Stand a little to one side, for they are continually bringing their offerings. Do you care to go in? Well, I will describe it to you. In the small inner recess there is a horrible stone image about three feet high, daubed with paint, bedecked with garlands, and begrimed with dirt. In front and on either side, sits a man and a woman of the lowest caste, receiving the offerings which the people are bringing. A fire burns in front of this hideous object, which they are continually feeding with pieces of the sacrifices, the remainder of which is taken away and eaten. While I was looking, one man brought a platter of cocoanuts and garlands of flowers; a woman brought sweetmeats, and a young girl brought boiled rice. Enough, let us move on! But wait! What is that poor woman doing? She has made a vow to her god that she would measure herself from her home to the temple, in hopes that she will avert the disease or the calamity which threatens her or hers. She is covered with dust, and every limb of her body must ache. Poor thing! Watch her as she goes three times around the temple and prostrates herself five times at its portal. She rises; her

vow is fulfilled. She hopes for its answer. May the true God have mercy! Another? Ah, yes, many will do the same thing.

Did you see them come yesterday and sacrifice the twelve goats? How forcibly came home the passage, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins." This man is offering us cocoanuts, but please do not take it. Remember what the Bible says about "that which is offered to idols."

The cocoanut, sweetmeats, rice, and other things, which you see along the road, is for the benefit of those who come without sacrifices, or wish to treat themselves or their friends. Yes, you may buy something, but be careful and do not handle the goods or you will defile them, and you may have to pay for the whole sale.

Now the most important part of the whole performance takes place. You must have noticed as we stood near the temple, every now and then, a band composed of two or three crude drums, and one of two of those monotonous instruments previously mentioned, escorting a young man to the door of the temple, whereupon he went in, worshipped and returned? In some instances, he was so under the influence of liquor that he could not stand alone. These are of the farmer caste, strong, stalwart men. In the olden days it was proved, so they say, that this mother goddess gave strength to those who petitioned her in the following way. Strong men were suspended by large hooks being fastened in the fleshy part of their backs between the

two shoulders; if their flesh could sustain the weight the goddess had heard and answered their prayer, and they were considered heroes. When the English Government took possession of this country, they abolished this cruel practice, and the one that is now to take place was substituted.

Let us walk down the road a little way! Never mind the people. There has not been any plague here for a month or so, and smallpox is considered a trifling disease; the others do not count.

A quarter of a mile from the temple there are ten carts which are filled with men and children. These farmers have vowed to draw these ten carts with the sacred lock which is allowed to grow from the top of their heads, and trust in the goddess to give them strength! See! We are near the carts. How crowded they are with people! A band is now approaching, followed by one of the men and his comrades.

Can you see? They are leading him up to the front cart; he is all smeared with yellow paint, and gaudy with colored clothes. They fastened his lock to the cart; but, if you will look closely, you will see that his waist is also attached to it; and you will see several men ready to push the end cart, besides some in front who are to assist.

The excitement is intense. The crowd cheers, the carts move, then, as if by a mighty impulse, are carried along. Be careful! Go with the crowd or you will be crushed under foot. See! They stop and take the

man from the cart. He is unable to stand, and the blood is running from his nose.

Oh, foolish men, why do they do it? Another is coming. They tie him in. The crowd cheers, the drums beat, the goddess must be asleep. Beat a little louder and awaken her. Useless! After a tremendous effort he is carried half fainting away. Enough of this! Let us go. I am sick at heart and nauseated with the sorrow of it all!

“Oh, Savior, help them, help!” Have you seen enough for today, friends? I have. I could not stand it to show you more just now. Let us steal away softly to Jesus and ask Him to send laborers into the field, “for truly the harvest is white.”

“Jesus, Thou pitying, suffering Savior, have mercy on these, Thy ‘other sheep’!

“Let their ignorance, their helplessness, their earnestness, appeal to Thy heart, and send them true knowledge! Send them light, by which they may see Thee, ‘the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.’

“Send men and women of talent and strength and power! Those who know Thee as Thou art. ‘The Christ, the Son of the Living God.’ These who can conduct Thy power to these helpless, weakened ones. And, Savior of the lost, send them quickly, ere these perish!”



SMALL STONE IDOLS BEFORE MOTHER-GOD TEMPLE AT BULDANA



## CHAPTER XIV

### RESULTS

It would not be fitting to close this small volume without giving an account of some of the results and progress of the work since we have been associated with it, and yet we all know that the results of any work cannot be justly estimated. In the first place, so much of the work is preparatory. The ground must be tilled and fertilized; the seed must be sown; and the harvest must be forthcoming; but it will not be at the seed-sowing time.

The large collateral results, such as educational, social, industrial, and medical, cannot be expressed in figures and often not by words; God only can reckon these things.

In statistics those only who are living at the time are counted. Those who have been gathered, but passed on to the garner above are omitted. Therefore in reading statistics we are dealing with cold figures and not living facts and influences, such as are felt in time and eternity.

Dangers and difficulties have to be dealt with; and as you have read these pages the obstacles of caste, the peculiar conditions of the country, a foreign language, and many other hard things, must have been quite evident to you.

Besides these is the fact that many of those who are spoken to by the Holy Spirit of God, convicted of sin and convinced of the divinity of Christ, have to face death itself in order to accept Christ in baptism.

Mohammed's law reads thus: "Whoso apostatizes his religion, let him die for it, and he is an infidel."

We know of a fine young man of this sect who spent much time in the company of missionaries and Indian Christians. He attended mission schools, religious meetings and finally was working in one of the mission industrial shops.

For some time he had been fully convinced that he should accept Christ publicly in baptism. But, on account of the fearful odds facing him, had not the courage to do so.

He was just on the eve of taking the final step, and thought that he would, for the last time, mingle with his associates in one of their feasts. While he was thus among them, they pressed upon him some sweetmeats, which he held in his hand some time before eating.

When he did eat them the almost immediate effect was illness, and an illness which came near resulting in his death.

The missionaries worked over him all night, praying as earnestly as they worked, and were rewarded after some hours by noting an abatement of the very severe symptoms.

He lived, but when we saw him some months afterwards he was a physical wreck. Their deadly

work was done. The poignant something, which they had put into the sweetmeats, had affected not only his body, which must perish, but the mind and soul, which live eternally.

The breaking of caste from the Hindu's stand-point is just as formidable. And we well remember a gray-haired mother coming to our doorstep and bewailing her son who had recently been baptized.

"Oh, my son, my son!" she moaned, as she tore her hair, and struck her poor old head upon the stone step in front of us. "Would that you had died, and that I might never see you again! For you are *lost, lost; lost to me forever!*"

How many secret disciples there are in India today; men who believe in Christ, but have not the moral courage to step out boldly and acknowledge Him in this one act which completely severs all caste relations; no stamina with which to stem the fearful outrages of insulted caste-men. The root of caste principles has become so entwined with every other of their lives that it would seem to break all in order to break this.

Ex-governor Clark, of Bombay, has stated in a recent address given in New York City, that as he went from town to town on his official duties he met numbers of men of noble rank who declared to him their belief in our Savior, but on account of caste and their position could not step out publicly in this faith.

The Rev. J. Cain, of South India, relates the following: "A touching incident occurred just before we

left. A man was a regular attendant for some weeks at the dispensary. What was more, he was a most earnest listener to the story of Christ's life. He seemed to drink in the good news, and to mediate thereon. The time came for us to leave for England, and on the occasion of his last visit he said to Mrs. Cain: "I have enjoyed the good words you have told me about Jesus Christ, and I should like to be a follower of Him; but I am going back now to my own people, none of whom are Christians, and where I shall never hear these words again. It is impossible for me to be baptized. But I know that I have not long to live, and when I die I will go to Him and clasp His feet, and tell Him all my circumstances, and that I would have been baptized if I could. Do you think that He will then drive me away?"

Nevertheless, we praise God for many royal, noble men of India, who have braved all, and stand out as examples of God's power over even such a subtle force as caste.

Our educational scope has necessarily been narrow. But that which we have is of the best, and carries hand and hand with it the teachings, and the blessed influence of the Gospel.

"Our boys" and "our girls" have been given the advantage of the principles of education in the vernacular; besides an opportunity, for those who were capable, to acquire a fair speaking, reading and writing knowledge of English. Two of "our boys" have positions in the government service, where English is very



OUR MOTHER-MISSIONARY AND GROUP OF INDIAN CHRISTIANS



necessary. This has, no doubt, caused their advance in preference to others.

In our schools, among the people, caste is never regarded, but the low caste child has as much attention and as great an opportunity of improvement as the high caste.

It is difficult to induce the parents of the lower castes to send their children to school. They are careless and indifferent for the most part, and the children undisciplined and inclined to their own sweet will, as free as the wind in matters of such a nature.

Socially, the influence is better felt than told. Our personal experience in Chikhli is unique on this line. The utter indifference and fear of the women. The suspicion, both as to our motives and to our moral character, which was so hard to bear.

Then the changed attitude of the men, the "hail fellow, well met," look and speech, thinking because of our free European manners that they had found a companion.

And then — thank God! This all giving way to respect and deference, as we continued to live and move steadily and prayerfully among them.

How well do we remember the first gift which ever came from the people! We had been away for several weeks, and, on the day of our return, a family, who owned the only pretty garden in Chikhli, sent a waiter full of roses and tube roses, with other flowers and a little fruit. No bride ever appreciated her bridal bouquet more than we did that token of conquest.

Another time some one sent a plate of fresh fish. And another some milk. And another some Indian food; and it was all very marvelous and pleasant in our eyes.

The Tahsildar invited us to visit his wife, and his Brahman cook served oranges and tea. The chief of police allowed us to visit his family, and a noble Sikhi called us to treat his young daughter, while other opportunities offered in high castes homes.

These seem such little things in themselves, and how naturally we would scorn patronage of any kind in our own land; but how we do prize anything in India which means progress for His name's sake, and an entrance for the Gospel.

Thus homes and entire villages have given way beneath the power of His presence in the hearts and lives of His childrn. "You have the heart of a Christian," has become a proverb in the Marathi language now.

Their idea of social life is so very different from ours, that we are consequently misunderstood and misjudged thereby. We remember one evening we went up on the veranda to watch the glorious sunset, when, a few houses down, we discerned that a party or feast of some kind was being carried on up on the house top. Some twenty or thirty people—they were all men—were dressed in their high caste, "full dress," which in India is interpreted thus—nothing on the upper part of the body, a dhorter from the waist to the knees, and the head, which at other times is usually

covered, bare with the sacred lock in prominence. What a difference from the American's interpretation of "full dress!" One's ideas become strangely intermingled here at times, and it is hard to maintain old theories, or arrive at preconceived conclusions.

Of course, there were no women at this feast, when the "lords of creation" were dining! And the lack of this social intercourse between the sexes is greatly seen and felt. If India's women could only come forward and purify its society with her presence! And she will when India accepts Christ! Nay, in the large cities it is being done even now, Praise God!

We all raise our voices against the unsanitary, unhygienic conditions of the country, with seemingly little effect. One of these conditions is the feeding of opium to little babies and small children. When we protest they cry, "But how do you keep your children quiet? Do you let them cry, all the time? That would be cruel, we never could stand that!" And then when they want to know why our babies are so much brighter and well developed in every way than theirs, we tell them one reason is because we do not give them opium. As a result, we rejoiced to hear of at least two babies in Chikhli who were being experimented upon, namely, no opium as a daily routine.

On medical lines, while we have nothing permanent as yet, we have been forced into coming to the rescue of the people from a humane standpoint.

Most of their illness is supposed to be in relation to demonology, and treated from that standpoint by

the priests. The missionary, doctor or otherwise, is only called in as a last resort.

Two of the native doctors passed our house one day. They were very dark in complexion, scantily dressed in small, dirty dhoters, half way up to their thighs. Ragged, dirty shirts on their backs; cloths upon their heads, and over their right shoulders bags of saffron-colored cloth. They gave the impression of dirt and ignorance. They cried out as they went along, "Medicine for coughs, colds, fever, etc." They make their medicines from roots and herbs found in the jungles, and travel from village to village selling them. They are said to eat snakes and jackals.

One of the woman doctors asked to look at one of our Christian woman's hands. She told her that it was not good, and that she would have no children, but if she would give her nine pice she would be successful on that line.

Whether to laugh or be indignant at the treatment of a Mohammedan girl who had a severe attack of fever, we did not know; but finally decided indignation was the right state of mind to pursue.

They had called in a fakir and he had ordered her to be wrapped from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet in all the blankets and coverlets of which they were in possession. When we arrived, a muffled voice from the depths of somewhere was saying, "Oh, let me out, let me out; I shall die in here! I shall smother to death! Oh, I am dying! I am dying!"

And when she heard our voices, "Oh, Miss Sahib, let me out! Do let me out! I am dying here!"

We asked, "How long has she been thus?" "Since last night," was the answer. "And how long must that treatment continue?" "Until tomorrow." Whether the girl lived to see the morrow we never knew. It certainly was a most radical method of breaking up a fever.

How often we were called to cases where we were powerless to help on account of a lack of knowledge and experience. How it saddens our hearts to remember the lives that went out whom we might have been instrumental in saving had we been competent — mothers and little babes, children and women, both old and young.

That this phase of the work proves a great help in introducing Christianity to India cannot be contradicted, especially among the women. Oftentimes homes can be opened with no other wedge, and an entrance into the heart be bought with no other price than this.

As difficult and strenuous as the work has been, at times, we feel as if the spiritual results far outweigh any of the others, for who can value the price of *one* soul?

Over in the field in Buldana are several mounds, some small and some larger. Those whom they represent are all safe in glory, having died with a firm faith in Jesus.

Of the little mounds we have no doubt, but let me

tell you of at least one who sleeps beneath the larger mounds.

He was a priest of a lower caste, advanced in years; had been taught in a mission school when a boy, but had left it and wandered among his own people. How he became a priest we know not; but eventually, as he found himself far down on the other side of the hill of life, his thoughts turned to the Christ of whom he had been taught in youth.

He, accompanied by his wife and several children, came to the missionaries and declared that he "would see Jesus." He was taught and prayed with until the old light returned, and he saw Christ as his personal Savior.

The next step was baptism, which the old man and entire family took, joyfully.

But he had a fetter which his faith in Christ had not been strong enough to break. He was addicted to the use of gunza, a drug as pernicious and binding in its effect as opium.

The poor old man struggled and prayed over the habit, for he knew that he was not a free man in Christ Jesus. We all felt that it might end in the loss of his life, but he cared not, and one day told God in prayer that he must have victory over this thing even if it did mean the loss of life itself. And thus, with God's help, he gave up the deadly drug. His constitution had been so undermined that he fell an easy prey to disease, and in a very short time he fell asleep in Jesus, for whom he had done nothing



RUTH BAI, NOW SAFE IN GLORY



in an entire lifetime; but, when put to the test, had given up a habit which had been dearer than life itself. Shall you not be glad to meet him? And would it not pay you to give up everything which might be standing between you and full freedom in Christ Jesus?

Another mound covers the remains of our dear, bright Ada bai, of whom you shall hear more in future, God willing.

Our dear Ruth also left us for a better home, and, we believe, more perfect service. None of us who have known her have a shadow of a doubt but that she fell asleep in the arms of her beloved Savior. She loved Him, and was true to Him in life, and He loved her, and did not fail her in death.

She was away from us at the time, but one of the boys who loved her well wrote, "Ruth bai has gone to be with God, and at the time of her death a glory spread over her face. But my heart is very, very sorrowful, and I am now ill in the hospital."

Ruth was a child who had been rescued from the famine of 1895-1897. When she died she was about nineteen or twenty years of age; not as good looking as some others, but with a strong, calm, earnest face that in repose almost looked indifferent. She had a reserved manner that only love could break down. But Ruth's real character spoke forth when her soul was stirred, and then her face took on its beauty. Even in telling us a simple narrative in which she was interested, her face would become animated, her pupils grow large and sparkling, while her whole body seemed

filled with that which words seemed too slow and inadequate to express. We had often wondered at this peculiarity of hers, which appeared as pent-up fire, eager at times to escape.

But to see our modest Ruth at her best, was to watch her stand before a crowd of men or women, and tell of Jesus and His almighty salvation. We have seen those who were listening indifferently, or not at all, while those more experienced than she talked, become attentive at once, and remain thus until the end, while this young girl poured forth the truth from a heart full of Jesus and the theme of His love. Something in her tone, her manner, bade their respect, and we never heard men ridicule, nor speak low jests, nor argue while she was talking, as they would invariably do with some of the others. It is a very hard thing for a modest Hindu young woman to face a company of men in public in this way. But Ruth never flinched, and God wonderfully helped her; after which she would retire behind her veil of natural reserve and modesty.

Dear girl! She was such a blessing to us while we were at Chikhli. Like all who stand true, she suffered much persecution from the girls not as spiritual as she. She had the love and respect of the missionaries, and of course this was a source of jealousy to the other girls; and because of it she was often lonely; but she lived so near to Jesus that she did not mind this as some would have done.

There is a small vase on my table, and in it are

two roses, one a full-blown, yellow rose, lovely and mature with every petal fully expanded and unfolded to the light; but, in this unfolding, it has lost its first beauty and its fragrance has been distilled upon the air. "The rose is all it e'er can be."

The other is a half-blown bud, that beautiful shade of rose and pink. Some of its leaves are developed, but in its center there are unfolded possibilities from which an aroma arises, reaching me as I sit here. There is a charm about this undeveloped state which is the result of mystery. What possibilities are there we do not know. But I am glad, dear rose, they plucked you this morning only half-blown, and brought you to me. Your fragrance fills the very air in my room, and bids me remember the Creator, who has folded possibilities in the heart of each and all of us.

And thus it was with dear Ruth. A beautiful half-blown rose, fragrant with the life of Christ, but immature in Him. But we were content to let her develop in the immediate warmth and sunshine of His love!

Our Sunday schools have brought encouraging results, but it took persistent effort to establish them. The children are as fickle as the wind in regard to attendance, here today and absent next Sunday. In fact, they do not know when the Sabbath is at hand, and we have to go ourselves or send some one to gather the little ones in.

And such a crowd of dirty, naked or half-clad children as we have. Some few neat and clean, we will

admit, but the majority otherwise. But we forget their little naked brown bodies, their soiled clothes, and unkempt hair. We wonder if it were such little urchins that Jesus took into His arms, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Yes, they must have been just like these, for "the common people heard Him gladly" and followed Him in large crowds. The little ones of Joseph of Arimathaea and Nicodemus were safe at home with the ayah, no doubt.

God help us "not to despise the least of these, His little ones," for it is more often in the soil of the child's mind that the "seed shall take root and bring forth fruit, some thirty, some forty, and some an hundred fold." We find so often that the older soil is so hard, or so shallow, or so unfertile that the seed will not flourish. But the children drink in the truth. We can see their dark eyes now brighten and glow as we tell the wonderful and sweet story of Christ, as they sing the hymns of His love, and pray His prayer.

How with one accord their voices join in repeating John 3:16, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life." How boldly they stand up and say the ten commandments. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven images." All that it means for these children to have inculcated into their

minds these principles we shall know more thoroughly in the future.

We always shall believe that Babaji, our first convert from Chihkli, was more directly the result of the Sunday school than the other meetings, for Babaji *would* attend the children's Sunday school; and not content with that, when we gathered immediately afterward to study the lesson with our own workers, Babaji still tarried. He would take a lesson leaf with the rest, and read, rather laboriously, the lesson with us.

Babaji is a middle-aged man — one instance where the soil had not become too hard. His great desire was to learn to read sufficiently well in order to teach his countrymen the truth which had become so dear to him.

Later, one of Babaji's relatives, an old priest, came to our missionaries there, and the old man, beholding His beauty, His purity, and His power, desired Him above all things.

He was accompanied by his wife and a large number of disciples who tried to dissuade him from his purpose. But the old priest kept on seeking in spite of it all.

One morning, before dawn, he awakened Brother Lucas, who was sleeping in the same room, by exclaiming, "Oh, Lucas, brother, God has revealed Himself to me, and now I am ready to be baptized!" "Lie down, Dada, it is not daylight, yet," answered Lucas.

But the old man was too happy to sleep any more that morning.

He was baptized that very day. The glory of the Lord shone from his dark face as he came up out of the water, and he actually leaped for joy in the fulness of his newly-found satisfaction. That which years of serving idols and following other gods could not do, Christ in a moment, in a twinkling of an eye, had made real to his heart—"revealed into babes and sucklings."

As a consequence, his wife left him, while his disciples and friends did their best to overthrow his faith in Christ. He stood firm, determined to be true to his convictions, even if he must stand entirely alone. How many of us have to do that?

One day he went away, but returned very soon with his wife, and told the missionaries that she was willing to be taught and prayed with. "I want her to have just what I have in here," he said, laying his hand upon the region of his heart. And he had the great joy of seeing her converted and baptized, partners indeed henceforth to be.

These are a few tangible results. There are others, but we cannot mention them all. The score of men who have come in lately, new school house, new church building, praise God! and a thousand other influences which are unseen, but since God is true, are leavening the whole lump.

Yes, we want results! We must have results! But most people, in spite of the tremendous odds, require

a much larger percentage of results in proportion to the amount expended. Ninety-four cents at home, and only six cents in heathen countries. And yet such a tremendous result is expected from that paltry six cents. Nevertheless, God is giving the increase, and if you will do your part in this great work, He will more than fulfill His. “Exceeding abundantly, above all that we can ask or think according to the power that worketh in us.” Is *that Power* working in you?

## CHAPTER XX

### AN APPEAL

India, in territory is only one-half times as large as the United States. In population, it contains almost three and one-half times as many people. The United States boasts of her 95,000,000, while India of her 315,000,000.

Ninety percent of this great population live in villages; and it has been truly said, that had our Lord visited one village a day from the time He was born until now, He could not have visited all of the villages of India.

Every missionary has a circuit of these which he visits from time to time. But it is only during the cold season that we may broaden our territory and extend our influence. It is only then that it is permissible to live in tents; rain and heat forbidding at other times.

How pitiful to hear one woman express the thought of so many, as she did one day when we visited her village for the first time, "Yes, no doubt it is all true, but this is the first time that you have come, and you will not be here again for another year. How can we believe?" We knew it to be only *too true*, and realized it would be two years before we would be there again; for during the next cold season, we must visit the other half of the territory.

Workers, oh, workers, are needed: 100,000,000 outside the scope of Christian activities in India alone! One Protestant missionary to about every one hundred and fifty thousand people; and those scattered in villages. In America one Protestant minister to every five hundred and fourteen people. If all home missionaries and Christian workers are considered, there is one for about every forty-eight or fifty people.

And yet we are so concerned over the "heathen at home" that we dare neglect those abroad.

Some of these poor heathen, however, have been reared in Christian homes. Many of them are spurning Christ today in spite of the tears and prayers of father and mother. Few, very few, but that have been brought up in the Sunday school, or have lived within the sound of the church bells since they were born. And yet, we call them "heathen," and are indignant over the fact that one worker out of every seventy-six dares to go to the hundreds of millions beyond the seas: those who have had none of these privileges; those whose cradles were rocked in idolatry; whose first cries were stifled by opium; whose first words were the names of some of the 33,000,000 gods; whose church bells were those to awaken the filthy idols to witness a bloody sacrifice, or some obscene ceremony in connection with their vile gods.

Those know not what "sin" means. "Why, Miss Sabib," an earnest man argued after an exposition on sin and our Savior's power to save from such, "what is sin? You say this is sin, and that is sin, and the

other is sin; why, our gods committed all of these things. Do you expect us to be any better than our gods?"

No, indeed, we do not, but this is all the more proof that India needs Christ — a pure, unspotted Being to Whom they may look, and Whom they may safely follow. "Like god, like people."

India's thirty-three millions of gods are dead, and have no power to resurrect their followers from lives of degradation and sin. "Wait until you are sufficiently acquainted with the language to study our scriptures," said a Brahman teacher to us one day, "then you will find them so interesting that you will fall in love with them."

"They may be interesting," we replied, "but we desire something more than that in a religion. What has this religion done for the low caste man? What has it done for the man who is bound by the sin of alcohol, gunza, and passion? How many has it lifted from the depths of self-debasement?"

He looked crestfallen, for he knew that we were not ignorant of the fact, that Krishna, Shiv, Brahm, Vishnu, Gumpati, Ram, and others claimed no such power. They were full of passion, anger, hate, and all other vices. Their god-likeness lay in their prowess in battle, etc., and in their ability to perform remarkable feats; in overthrowing the other gods, stopping at nothing to accomplish their end.

We took him in mind to a midnight mission in New York; let him hear the glorious testimonies of

the men gathered there; some of which would wring tears from the eyes of the hearers; let him see their condition before and after, and asked if Hinduism had ever achieved anything of its kind?

The argument ceased. The Brahman's face was a study. Admiration, interest, wonder, like that of a child, chased themselves over his countenance, and with a sigh he resumed his teaching.

Secular education and western civilization alone can never regenerate India. It puts on an outward polish, but the man—the ego—ever remains the same. It may ameliorate the relation of man to man, but cannot harmonize the soul with its God. Dr. Mullens, one of India's finest missionaries, has said, "He alone can make a new nation, who can form a new man."

God desires a chance to work in the hearts of India's millions; a chance to take their extremely religious nature and turn it into His own channels; an opportunity to use their credulity, their love of the mystic in the grand and glorious workings of the Holy Spirit.

And He is doing this wherever the way is open, but He works by human means and through human instrumentality. And yet, all the time the seed is being watered and nourished by the Holy Ghost; and some day it will spring forth—some a hundred, some sixty, and some thirty fold.

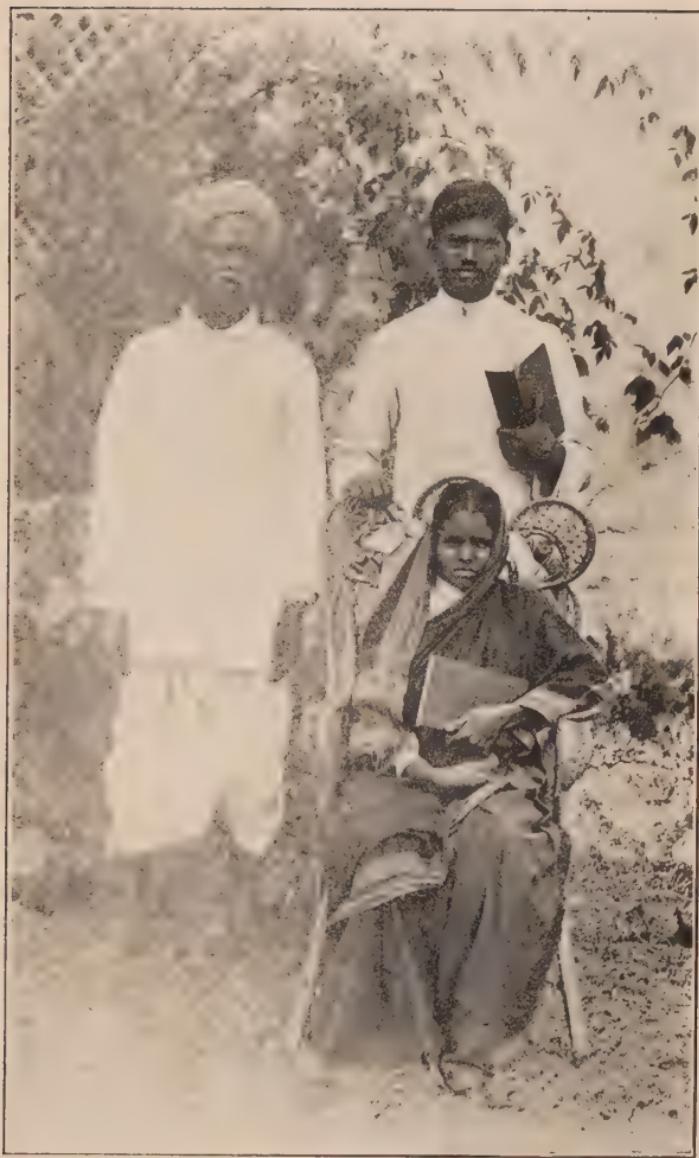
Only last week we read in the *Bombay Guardian* of a missionary laboring nine years in a place, and only just baptizing his first convert. That is not an extra-

ordinary experience, but common to all who dare start out in a new, unbroken field.

Again, we hear of a missionary who has been in a certain place a very short time, and has already baptized some twenty or thirty people. The results of his labor? Indirectly, yes; but for years and years missionaries have labored in that field—"spent and been spent"—even to the lives of several, and now "the blood of the martyrs is becoming the seed of the church." "Paul sowed and Apollos watered, but the Lord gave the increase."

Would to God we could get our little, narrow eyes off the mark of seeing things accomplished in our little week, month, year, or lifetime; would we could have a heart like the great heart of God, and faith like the sublime faith of Abraham, who believed God, and "staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief." Such faith would have taken him through the slaughter of Isaac with still a firm assurance of the promise. "Lord, increase our faith even if thou hast to blind our vision."

John F. Hurst, D. D., in his "Short History of the Medieval Church," says: "Had the Eastern church adhered to orthodox standards, and preserved its spiritual unity, it is not at all likely that its vast territory would have been overrun by the Saracens. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe, that from Constantinople, Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, and other centers, the whole of India, China, Japan, and other Oriental countries would have been evangelized



PREACHERS AND BIBLE-WOMAN AT IGATPURI



many centuries ago, instead of just now becoming great mission fields for Western Christianity to rescue from paganism.” What a charge—a frightful charge upon any church! How much it means for even one individual to fail God, who can reckon?

The Eastern Church failed God, and He has waited, patiently waited, these centuries, for the Western Church to evangelize her portion, and then meet her double responsibility by turning her attention, prayer, and aim toward the evangelization of the East. God has waited—the sluggish movement of the church, the apostasy, reawakening, again apostasy—the little feeble hand put forth across the great expanse of water! And while the church has tarried and God has waited, India has lain in gross, dense darkness, and the iron chains of caste have been binding more tightly each year, until now the breaking is a human impossibility. Her little children have been born, married in childhood, suffered and died there for centuries—all because a church failed God.

Rev. Andrew Murray says, “The Pentecostal Commission can only be carried out by a Pentecostal church in Pentecostal power.”

Is our church, the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, to fail God at this point, and not fulfill her grand and glorious privilege? Will it be said of us in the centuries to come, “She failed God”? And while she was “busy here and there,” lo, the opportunity was gone?

Nay! May it not be so! But God grant that

every pastor, evangelist, and layman may so see their responsibility — would I could make them see it as their *blood-bought privilege* — that this Pentecostal Church in Pentecostal power might fulfill the Pentecostal commission to the best of its ability!

And how much lies with the pastor! Many times has it been said to us, "Our pastor is not interested in missions, therefore the interest in the church is slight and the collections small." Again others have gladdened our hearts by saying, "Oh, our pastor is so interested in missions! He prays for the missionaries every Sunday, and does all in his power to help increase the collections." Pastors, in which of these two classes are you? The last, we trust.

God give us in our churches men and women who are "willing and obedient"; men and women of real faith. For if "faith is the substance of things hoped for," then, if we had more faith, we would have more substance, and with more substance we could build churches at home, and in India, and send out the much-needed missionaries, for which God's work is suffering.

God's Word exhorts to the "faith which worketh by love." Love, then, supreme love to God and to our fellow men, even those dark skinned brethren in heathen countries, is the instrument by which our faith is to bring about those "works" which are pleasing to God. If *faith*, then, is the substance, *love* the instrument, *obedience* is the motive power which wields the instrument.

How many of us fail God at this point! Yes, we have faith enough to remove mountains! We would give our body to be burned without a spiritual quiver for "the sake of the cause." We may even be filled with that patient, kind, forbearing "love which covers a multitude of sins," suffer long, but in real heart-obedience to the Holy Spirit's voice, we fail.

And we have failed for so many years to harken to that still, small voice, that now its accents are like some distant echo, and we listen, if at all, with an absent gaze and wonder whence it comes.

"If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land," saith the Lord. Willing and obedient! Willing to suffer for Him; to go through the garden with Him; willing to bear the reproach of His name; to be misunderstood, misjudged! Hard? Oh, yes, excruciating to the flesh; but, in Him, joy to the spirit! And "after ye have suffered for a while, God will strengthen, establish, settle you." Praise His dear name! isn't it worth suffering for a while, even if the "while" meant this brief life?

Willing to be what God wants us to be! But who can do it short of that deep consecration which precedes the act of faith by which the blood of Jesus purifies our hearts and prepares them for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost? How many of us have not friends and acquaintances who fail God here? Yes, and admirable young men! But—they were not willing and obedient and have never eaten of the "fruit of the land."

From experience, then, we know to be thus “willing and obedient” one must be *fully consecrated to God*. Not forty, thirty, twenty, ten years back, but now! All on the altar this minute.

Usually they who eat of the good of the land are fat and flourishing. Perhaps that is the reason so many of us are lean and meagre and circumscribed in our spiritual sphere. We are in the land; there is no famine ever within its borders as there is in sin-cursed India. But we are not altogether “willing and obedient” and do not “eat of the good of the land.” We have faith, but it does not work by love, nor end in obedience.

Oh, but it will not pay to be disobedient to God! It may seem to do so for a while—you may flourish as the green bay tree—but in eternity you will see God’s thwarted plan for your life, the opportunities missed, the noble character, which He purposed, shrunken and marred.

Aye, even in this life you will awaken, ere long, to the realization that you have missed something in life. Fame has come, a name has been made, but—and memory’s relentless finger will trace back to where *you disobeyed God*.

Again we repeat, it does not pay! Many regrets uttered by those past the age and opportunity have proved this to our own satisfaction, had we not learned it from God’s Word and the Holy Spirit’s teachings.

Oh, the regrets of the soul who has squandered his life to his own pleasure, and not listened to God’s

voice calling to a life of peace and harmony; a life of usefulness; a life crowned with its Maker's approval; to be a co-worker with Him in plans visible and invisible. Brother, sister, will you not heed it today? Will you not listen to the *cries of your own conscience*, clamoring to be heard? a call to God from the darkness of your soul's night. Harken, and yield to God while there is time and opportunity.

God wants men, who, like Paul, will "not be disobedient unto the heavenly vision." Alas! how many fail God here. A vision for India, China, Japan, dark Africa; a call clear and distinct to you to give up all and follow Him thus. You listen, you assent perhaps, but then *these sheep need you so!* The "others" are *so* far away. Loved ones stand in the way—take care God may remove them! We have known it to be done. Ambition steps in, a desire to be General Superintendent or his wife. Pecuniary temptations—one must have sufficient to lay away for a stormy day. And thus, with one excuse and another, Satan lures the soul who has seen the vision, and they are not obedient to the voice of God, which comes to them in the cries of woe from the night of the world's heathendom.

Ah, you, who have seen the "vision," can you not hear the wail of India's millions of women, as it pierces the darkness tonight? How can you feign indifference? how can you plead "heathen at home" when this army, by night and by day, call to you for emancipation? Calling, calling now, "Come to our help! We are only women, but we need your Christ!"

Mother, you with that little golden-haired darling by your side. Last night she awakened, and it was dark. She was afraid and called for you. Hearing her cry, you quickly ran and comforted her. Ah! did you hear then another cry — the cry of the little widow, whom we left in the darkness of the East all alone? Can you not see her little, outstretched hands, as she comes toward you from the night of her burdened widowhood? Do you not see the six millions of small, dusky forms that are following her? And do not their cries, defying the distance, wafted over the ocean on spirit wings, pierce your heart? Would you not go, or if you may not go, would you not *send* to comfort them in their heavy burden of life?

Did you not also hear the cries of the young child-wife, as she was torn from the arms of her mother? Did you see the wooden doll, lying in the corner, flung from her child's hand only this morning? Did you notice the toy grinding-mill, standing idle beside it? Never again will she need these. "Life will be real, life will be earnest," indeed, to her henceforth.

Yes, clasp the little one a little closer if you will; but as she prattles by your side, as she looks into your eyes with her own of surpassing child-like beauty and innocence, let her always remind you of those other little ones — God's little ones also — but neglected and outside the knowledge of His love; those little ones who do not have a fair chance in this world of development, either physically, mentally, or spiritually; those little ones who live in Eastern darkness and night,

upon whose land the “sun of righteousness” has not fully “arisen with healing in his wings.”

Down on your knees, and, brethren, pray for them quickly! Into your coffers, and send help to them immediately, ere the tiny flame go out, and your opportunity to give them light is lost for ever and ever, and from the dense black night of India’s idolatry their cries shall ring in your ears by night; their slender ill-fed forms haunt your footsteps by day; that army of outstretched hands come between you and your precious little ones forever!

A cry! borne on the midnight deep!  
Men start in terror from their sleep.  
It through the darkness piercingly draws near,  
Until the heart is clutched with darksome fear.  
The moon withdraws her shining face to weep,  
While only stars their faithful vigil keep.  
The jackal, prowling around with eager eyes,  
Yelps wildly to the echoing, answering skies.  
Hyenas yell like children in distress,  
Dogs bark and howl, their terror none the less,  
A cry above them all, some one needs aid!  
Quick! Rush to rescue from the tiger’s raid,  
Ere human life is paid!

A cry! borne o’er the rolling deep,  
While some one sorrow’s tryst does keep,  
Loud crying from the tiny lips of one,  
Who yesterday, in frolic and in fun,  
Free of care and innocent as babes should be,  
Stood prattling by her loving mother’s knee.  
And now, snatched ruthlessly by angry hands,  
She goes to satisfy her caste’s demands,  
To join the ranks of little ones before,  
Whose eyes are red, and timid hearts made sore.  
A martyr on her country’s altar laid  
And her short life the victim price oft paid.  
Poor, little Hindu maid!

A cry! born in the heart's midnight,  
Which loneliness has robbed of light!  
Soft sobbing from the little widow-maid,  
Who stands alone in life, and so afraid  
Of angry gods, and wrathful, wicked men,  
Of blows and curses for what she has been.  
Hark! other cries from the soul's deepest night!  
Cries to its God—a struggle for the light.  
Cries here; cries there; oh, God, shut out the sound,  
Or heal this open sore—thy daughter's wound!  
Give light, give love, give liberty in Him  
Whose power can break all chains, destroy all sin  
And heaven on earth begin!

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For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

— Romans 10:13-15.



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